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THE
EVER GREEN
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF

SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. I.

Published by ALLAN RAMSAY.

Still *green* with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage,
Destructive War and all devouring Age.

POPE.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for ALEXANDER DONALDSON,
at Pope's Head. MDCCLXI.

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THE

EVER GREEN

W. H. Murray



Will agree with their own nation's flag,
above the reach of malicious hands,
secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Indelible War and all devouring Age.

1792

EDINBURGH

Printed for Alexander Donaldson,
at Robert's Head, MIDDLESEX.

To His GRACE

JAMES

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

Captain General,

and the rest of the Honourable MEM-
BERS of the

Royal COMPANY of ARCHERS.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the more eminent Con-
cerns of life, or the agreeable
diversion of the BOW, do not

iv DEDICATION

employ your leisure Time, the following OLD BARDS present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any SCOTs Man, who despises the Fopery of Admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of ARCHERS are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

The Spirit of Freedom that shines throw both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these POETs claim Regard and Patronage; they now make a Demand for that

DEDICATION. v

immortal Fame thattuned their Souls
some Hundred Years ago, which is in
your Power, by countenancing to be-
stow. They do not address you with
an indigent Face, and a thousand pity-
ful Apologies, to bribe the good Will
of the Criticks. No! 'tis long since
they were superiour to the Spleen of
these four Gentlemen.

Every one who has Generosity, and
is not byass'd with a mistaken Pre-
judice, will allow, that good Sense
sharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be
express'd with a true Spirit, altho in
antiquated Words and Phrases; When
one bestows but a very small Pains to
enter into the Authors Manner, then
'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL
COMPANY will receive and approve
of these valuable Remains, and have a

vi DEDICATION

due Regard to the Memory of these
meritorious Authors, and accept this
Dedication from

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN

Their faithful Publisher,

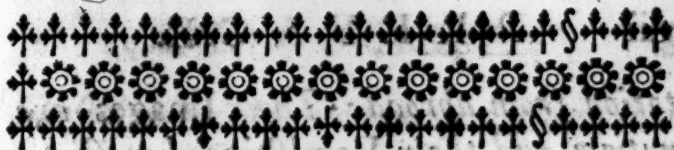
And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob.

15. 1724.



P R E F A C E.

I Have observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings, as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of thought and Simplicity of Stile our Forefathers practised: To such, I hope, the following Collection of Poems will not be displeasing.

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our writings. Their Poetry is the product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transpor-

tation from abroad: Their Images are native, and their Landskips domestick; copied from those fields and Meadows we every day behold.

The Morning rises (in the Poets description) as she does in the Scottish Horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The Groves rise in our valleys; the Rivers flow from our own Fountains, and the Winds blow upon our own Hills I find not Fault with those things, as they are in Greece or Italy: But with a Northern Poet for fetching his Materials from these Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene; as our Hymners to the Spring and Makers of Pastorals frequently do.

This Miscellany will likewise recommend itself, by the Diversity of Subjects and humour it contains. The grave

P R E F A C E.

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Description and the wanton story, the moral Saying and the Mirthful Jest, will illustrate and alternately relieve each other.

The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fashion, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres he will here find upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose inclinations are turned to Mirth, will be pleas'd to know how the good fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary's Days. In a word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different

x P R E F A C E.

Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.

I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeased with this Reflection, That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides the Numbers, in which these Images are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.

The different Stanza and varied Cadence will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in Poetry especially must be always flattered. However I do not expect that these Poems should

please every Body, nay the critical Reader must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these Volumes two or three Pieces, whose Antiquity is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit Approbation and Applause. than Censure and Blame. The best Works are but a kind of Miscellany, and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chaff, no not after often Winnowing: Besides, Dispraise is the easiest Part of Learning, and but at best the Offspring of uncharitable Wit. Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight?

There is nothing can be heard more silly than one's expressing his Ignorance of his native Language; yet such there are who can vaunt of acquiring a toler-

able Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a fortnight in Paris or a Month in Rome : But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious : Every one that is born never so little superiour to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous ; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally masters of the most useful and politest Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.

It was intended that an account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given ; but not being furnished

with such distinct Information as could be wished for that end at present, the Design is delayed until the publishing of a Third or Fourth succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they flourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.

I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL of Skirling, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who with an easy Beneficence, that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems, in a large Manuscript-book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr.

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George Bannytine in Anno 1568;
*from which M. S. the most of the fol-
lowing are gathered: and if they prove
acceptable to the World, they may have
the pleasure of expecting a great many
more, and shall very soon be gratified.*

CHRISTS-KIRK
OF THE
GREENE.

WAS nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene
Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the *Grene*,
Nor *Pebills* at the Play,

A

NOTES.

Because we strictly observe the old Orthography, for the more Conveniency of the Readers, we shall note some general Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs from the present, in Words that have nothing else of the Antique, or Difference from the *English*: But shall refer you to the Glossary at the End of the second Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of those that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule 1. *Grene, Sene, Clene, &c.* Green, Seen, Clean. The double *ee* is supplied in such Words, commonly with one before, and another after the Consonant.

2 *Chrysts - Kirk of the Grene.*

As was of Wowers, as I wene,

At *Chrysts - Kirk* on a Day;

Thair came our Kitties washen cleane

In new Kirtills of Gray,

Full gay,

At *Chryst - Kirk* of the Grene that Day,

II.

To danss thir Damysells them dicht,

Thir Lasses licht of Laits:

Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,

Thair Shune war of the Straits;

Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,

Weil prest with many Plaits:

They war sae nyss when Men them nicht,

They squeilt lyke ony Gaits,

Sae loud, at, &c. thar Day.

Danfs, Fensfs, Glanfs, Dance, Fence, Glances The *fs* us'd for the *ce* often in such Words.

Dicht, Licht, Richt, &c. Dight, Eight, Right. The *ch* in such Words always us'd in Place of the *gh*.

Gluvis, Lufe, Haif, &c. Gloves, Love, Have. The *f* and *v* indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.

Shune, Mime, Sune, &c. Shoon (of Shoes) Moon, Soon the double *oo*, never found in such Words. Sometime they are spell'd, *Sone, Mone*; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.

Chryſt - Kirk of the Grene.

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III.

Or all thir Maidens myld as meid,
Was nane ſae jimp as *Gillie*;
As ony Roſe her Rude was reid,
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;
But ſcho of Luſe ſae ſilly,
Thocht all hir Kin had ſworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but ſweet *Willie*
Alane, at *Chryſt - Kirk, &c.* that Day.

IV.

Scho ſkornit *Jok* and ſkrapit at him,
And murgeont him with *Mokke*,
He wald haif luvit, ſcho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow Lokks.

B

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c. Well, Dead, Head, Mead.
The Diphthong *ei* uſ'd in many ſuch Words as now require
e, ea and *ee*.

Sae, Wae, Mae, Nane, Wald, &c. So, Wo, Moe,
None, Would. The *a* and *ae* in Place of *o* and *oe*, ex-
cept in thoſe Words, *Ony, Mony*, which are the reverſe.

Nyſſ, Wyſſ, Byt, Hyd, Myll, Ljk, &c. Nice, Wiſe, Bie;
Hide, Mild, Like. Our not founding the *i* as the *Engliſh*
do, accounts very well, for our Elders ſpelling all words
with a *y* of ſuch a ſound.

He chereist hir, scho bad gae chat him,

Scho compt him not twa Clokks:

Sae schamefully his schort Goun set him,

His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,

Scho said at, &c. that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menstral meit,

O Lord! as he coud lanks:

He playt sae schill, and sang sae sweet,

Quhyle *Towsie* tuke a Trans.

Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,

And counterbitet *Frans*;

He us'd himself as *Man* discreit,

And up tuke *Moreis* Danse,

Full loud, at, &c. that Day.

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c. Song, Long, Bond
Throng, the *a* is us'd in Place of *o*.

Tuke, Blude, Gude, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c. Took, Blood,
Gond, Look, Fool, Shoot.

Quhyle, Quhat, Quho, Quhyt, &c. While, What, Who,
White. The *qu* is always us'd for the German *w*, when an
 & immediately follows. See Mr. *Ruddiman's* Glossary to
Gavin Douglas's Virgil.

Auld, Bauld, &c. Old, Bold. Here in many such Words
 the Scots spell with *au* in Place of the *Englis* *o*.

VII

THEN *Steven* came *Stepand* in with *Stends*.

Nae Rynk nicht him *arrest* :

Plateflute he *bobit* up with *Bends*,

For *Mald* he maid *Requeist*.

He *lap* till he *lay* on his *Lenda*;

But *ryland* was *sae preist*,

Quhyle that he *hoistit* at *baith Ends*.

For honour of the *Feist*,

And *danst*, at, &c. that *Day*.

B 2

Stepand, *Ryland*, &c. *Stepping*, *Rising*; and is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes *an* and *in* instead of the modern *ing*.

Stevin, *Stepand*, *Stends*, as before, *Lasses*, *Licht of Loits*; and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. *Dryden* and *Waller*, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Versification, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Man on many multiply'd his Kind. Dryd.

And, Oh! how I long my tender Limbs to lay Wal.

we cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of Mr. Waller's life say, That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.

6 *Chrysts - Kirk of the Grene*

VII.

SYNE *Robene Roy* begoud to revell,
 And *Dawny* to him draggit
 Let be, quoth *Jok*, and tawd him Jevell,
 And be the Tail him tuggit.
 The *Kensie* cleikit to a cavell;
 But, Lord, than how they luggit
 Thay partit manly with a Nevell;
 I trow that Hair was ruggit
 Betwix them, at, &c. that Day.

VIII.

ANE bent a Bow, sic Sturt coud steir him,
 Grit Skayth wuld to haif skard him:
 He cheist a Flane as did affeir him;
 The toder lad, *Dirdum, dardum*:

Begoud, Beuk, Clam, Keist, &c. Began, or did begin, did
 bake, did climb, did cast; our old Authors have a great ma-
 ny of such preterites of Verbs, most of which continue a-
 mongst us still.

Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c. That other,
 Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The *d* is frequently us'd
 for *th* in such Words.

Chryst - Kirk of the Greene.

7

Throw baith the Cheiks be thocht to cleir him,

Or throw the Erfs haif chasd him.

Be ane Akerbraid it came not neir him,

I can not tell quhat mard him

Thair at, &c. that Day.

IX.

WITH that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,

And up an Arrow drew;

He forgit it sae furiously,

The Bow in Flenders flew:

Sae was the Will of God, trow I;

For had the Tree been trew,

Men said that kend his Archery,

He wald haif slain enow

At Chryst - Kirk on the Greene that Day.

X.

ANE hasty Hensure callit *Harry*,

Quha was an Archer beynd,

Tytt up a Taikle withooten tary,

That torment sae him teynd.

Wat not quhiddir his Hand coud vary.

8 *Chrysts - Kirk of the Grene.*

Or the Man was his Freynd;
For he eschapit throw Michts of *Mary*,
As Man that nae Ill meind,
But Gude, at *Chryst - Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XI.

THAN Lowry lyk a Lyon lap,
And sone a Flane can fedder;
He hecht to perfe him at the Pap,
Theron to wed a Weddir.
He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
It bust lyk ony Bledder:
But swa his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Ledder,
Saisit him, at, &c. that Day.

XII.

A zaip zung Man that stude him neist,
Lousd aff a Schot with Yre;
He ettilt the Bern in at the Breist,
The Bolt flew owre the Byre,

*Zellow, Zaip, Zung, Zier, Zon, &c. Yellow, Yap, Young,
Year, You.*

Chrysis - Kirk of the Grene:

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Ane cryd, Fy, he had slain a Priest,

A Myle bezond a Myre,

Then Bow and Bag frac him he keill,

And fled as feris as Fyre

Frac Flint, as, &c. that Day.

XIII.

With Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,

And sang togidder lyk Friggs:

With Bowgars of Barns thay best blew Kapps,

Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.

The Reird raise rudely with the Rapps,

Quben Rungs war laid on Riggs:

The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,

Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,

Quoth thay, at, &c. that Day.

XIV.

THAY girnit and lute gird with Grains,

Ilk Gossip under greivt:

Sum strak with Stings, sum gaddert Stains,

Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The Mensral wan within twa Wains,

That Day full weil he preit :

For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,

Quhair Fechtairs war mischeit,

For evir, at, &c. that Day

XV.

HEICH *Hutchon* with a Hissil Ryfs,

To red can throw them rummill ;

He maddilt them down lyk ony Myls,

He was nae Baity burmill.

Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyfs,

With sic Jangleurs to jummill ;

For frae his Thounie they dang a Sklyf,

Quhyle he cry'd, *Bartasummill*,

I am slain, at, &c. this Day.

XVI.

QUHEN that he saw his blade fac reid,

To sic might nae Man let him,

He weind it had been for auld feid,

He thocht ane cry'd, half at him.

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it set him;
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,
They sould bene, swift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

XVII.

THE Town-Soutar in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Wait;
His Body was in Blude all browdin,
He graint lyk ony Ghaist.
Her Glitterand Hair that was sae gowden,
Sae hard in Lufe him laist,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chaist,
And mair, &c. that Day.

XVIII.

THE Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was nae Mowr,
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noytit he their Pows.

The Buschment hale about him brak,
 And bikkert him with Bows,
 Syne traytorly behind his Bak,
 They hewt him on the Hows,
 Behind, at, &c. that Day.

XIX.

Twa that war Herdmen of the Herd,
 On udder ran lyk Rams,
 Then followit Feymen, richt unaffieird,
 Bet on with Barrow trams,
 But quhair thair Gobs thay were ungeird,
 They gat upon the Gams ;
 Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
 As they had worriet Lamms,
 Maist lyk, at, &c. that Day.

Hewt him on the Hows. Hew'd or cut him down, by strik-
 ing him behind on the Houghs or Hams.

Cum, Sum, &c. Come, Some. The *u* in Place of *o*.

Lamms, Thowme, Dum, &c. Lambs, Thumb, Dumb.
 The *b* seldom made Use of in such Words.

Cbrysts - Kirk of the Grene.

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XX.

THE Wyves keist up a hideous Zell,
Quhen all thir Zounkers zokkit,
Als ferfs as ony Fyre-flauchts fell ;
Freiks to the Feilds they flokit.
The Carlis with Clubs did nder quell,
Quhyl Blude at Breists out bokit ;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That all the Steipill rokkit
For reid, at *Cbrysts - Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

QUHEN thay had beire lyk bajtit, Bulls,
And branewd brynt in Bails,
They wer as meik as ony Mulis,
That mangit ar with Mails.

Mulis, Mules. In several Words like this, where an *s* goes between an *l* and another Consonant, we are to pronounce short, as *Mules*, not *Mulis*.

Mangit ar with Mails, Maim'd with Burdens.

Flawchtir Fails, Turf that Country People flea for covering Houses.

Haild the Dalls, is a Phrase us'd at Foot ball, or such Games, where the Party that gains the *Dale* of Goal is said to *hail* it, or win the Game.

14 *Chrysts - Kirk of the Grene*

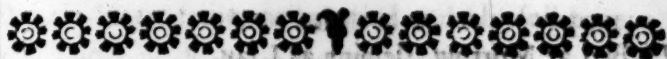
For Faintness thae forsochtin Fulis,
 Fell down lyk slauchtir Fails;
 Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,
 And dang them down in Dails,
 Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

XXII.

QUHEN all was done, *Dik* with an Aiz,
 Came furth to sell a Fodder,
 Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,
 Richt now wald slain my Bradder,
 His Wyfe bad him gae hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
 And sae did *Meg* his Mudder.
 He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
 For he durst ding nane udder,
 For Feir, at *Chryst - Kirk of the Grene* that Day.
Finis quod King JAMES I.

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 160. Pound Weight: in our old Authors it often metaphorically means a great many.





The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A POEM in Honour of MARGARET,
 Daughter to HENRY the VII. of
 England, Queen to JAMES the IV.
 King of SCOTS.

I.

QUHEN *Merch* with variand Wiads was overpast,
 And sweet *Apryle* had with his Silver Showers
 Tane *Leif* of Nature, with an orient Blast,
 And lusty *May*, that Mudder is of Flowrs,
 Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
 Among the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
 Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

Lusty May. Desireable *May*. Lusty through these Poems
 is an Epithet frequently us'd in this sense; also in our
 language it expresses, Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

II.

In Bed at Morrow, sleeping as I lay,

Methocht *Aurora* with her Rubie Enc,

In at my Window lukit by the Day,

And halst me, with Village pale and grene,

Upon her Hand a Lark sang frae the Splene,

Lovers, awake out of your Slombering,

Se how the lusty Morning dois upspring.

III.

METHOCHT fresh *May* before my Bed upstood,

In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,

Sober, benyng, and full of Mensuetude,

In Bright Atyre of Flowrs, all forget new,

Of heavenly Colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,

Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phebus Beims,

Quhyle all the House ilomynt with her Leims.

IV.

SLUGART, scho said, awake annon, for Schame,

And in my Honour sumthing thou gae wryte;

The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,

Lovers to rais with Comfort and Delyte,

Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt :

Lukit by the Day. Looked in at my Window by Day or
the Dawning. *Halst.* Hail'd or Saluted.

Mensuetude, Mildness, or good Humour.

The Thistle and the Rose.

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Quhase Heart somtyme has glad and blisfull bene,
Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

V.

QUHERTO, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month few Birds haif I hard sing,
Thay haif mair Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,
Lord Esolus dois in thy Season ring,
Sac bousteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,
Among thy Bews to walk I haif sorborn.

VI.

WITH that the Lady soberly did smyle,
And said, Upryse and do thy Observance:
Thou did promist in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
Then to discryve the *ROSE* of most Plesance,
Go see the Birds how they sing and dance,
And how the Skyes illuminat ar bricht,
Pamylt richly with new azure Licht.

Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects. Here
is proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words;
any in that Age being pronounced long that now are ex-
cessed short: But our Union with *France*, and *French* Aux-
aries so often in *Scotland* at that Time, can easily account
for that Manner of Pronunciation.

and the field has been VII.

WHEN this was said, away then went the Queen,
And entert in a lusty Garden gent;
And then methocht, full hastylie liefene,
In Sark and Mantle after her I went
Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,
Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants most swett,
And grene Leivs doing of Dew down sleit.

VIII.

THE pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,
Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid.
Whose gildet Tresses schone sae wonder cleir,
That all the World toke Comfort far and neir,
To loke upon his fresh and blissful Face,
Doing all fable frae the Heavens chace.

IX.

AND as the blissful Sun drave up the Sky,
All Nature sang throu Comfort of the Light;
The Minstrells wingd with open Voyces cry,
O Lovers now is fled the dolly Night,
Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

The Thistle and the Rose.

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Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* there,

Hail *Princesse Nature*, hail *Loves* hartsome *Quene*.

X.

DAME Nature gave an Inhibition ther

To *Neptune* feris and *Eolus* the bauld,

Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,

That nowther blasfy Shower, nor Blasts mair could

Sold *Flowirs* effray nor *Fowles* upon the Fauld,

cho bad eik *Juno* Goddess of the Sky,

That scho the Heaven suld keep amene and dry.

XI.

Ls scho ordaind that every Bird and Beist

Before her Hienels suld annone compeir,

nd every *Flowir* of *Virtue* maill and leist,

And every *Herb* in fair *Feild* far and neir,

As they had wont in *May* frae *Yeir* to *Yeir*

to hir thair *Quene* to mak *Obediens*,

all law inclynand with dew *Reverens*.

C

Obediens and *Reverens* as observed before in the Words
obruance and *Plefance*, must be accented long.

The Thistle and the Rose.

XII.

WITH that annone scho sent the swift sute *Roe*.

To bring in alkind Beist frae Dale and Doun,
The restless *Swallow* ordert scho to go,
And fetch all Fowl of small and grit Renown,
And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Fassoun :
Fully craftely conjurit she the *Tarrow*.
Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony Arrow.

XIII.

ALL brocht in were, in twynkling of an Ec,
Baith Beist and Bird and Flowir before the *Quene*,
And first the *Lyon* greatest of Degre
Was summond ther, and he, fair to be sene,
With a full hard Countenance and kene,
Before *Dam Nature* came, and did inclyne,
With Visage bauld, and Courage Leonyne.

Courage Leonyne. This perhaps may be smil'd at, but there's as much Reason to laugh at the modern Phrase of one's looking like himself.

The Thistle and the Rose.

21

XIV.

THIS awful Beist was terrible of Cheir,
Persing of Luke, and stout of Countenance,
Right strong of Corps, of Fasson fair, bot feir,
Lusty of Shape, licht of Deliverance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance:
In Feild of Gold he stude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet pleasantly.

XV.

THIS Lady listit up his Cluves sae cleir,
And lute him listlie lein upon hir Kneec,
And crownit him with Diadem sull deir,
Of radyous Stanes maist ryall there to see,
Saying, The King of all Beists mak I thee,
And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

C 2

If one were to comment and illustrate every poetical Beauty that strikes our Imaginations so agreeably, and come so frequent, he would swell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleasure which is his own Property; wherefore such Annotations shall be declined. When Folke are ravished with any Pleasure, tho' it be obvious to every By-stander, yet they cannot help expressing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the least Occasion for Information. This was just my Case, on reading this excellent Description of the Lyon and the Scots Arms, never so happily blazoned.

XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Consciens,
 And let nae small Beist suffer Skaith nor Skorns,
 Of greiter Beists that bein of more Pusiance.

Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
 And lat na Bowgle with his bousteous Horns
 Oppress the meik Pluch Ox, for all his Pryd,
 But in the Yok go quietly himbesyd.

XVII.

WHEN this was said, with Noyse and Sound of Joy,
 All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,
 Attains cryd, *Lauds*, and then, *Vive le Roy*;
 Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;
 To him they all made Homage and Feiltie;
 And he did them resais with princely Laits,
 Whose noble Yre his Greitnells mitigates.

XVIII.

SYNE crownit scho the *Eagle* King of Fowls;
 And sharp as Darts of Steil scho made his Penns,
 And bad him be as just to *Wharups* and *Onuls*,
 As unto *Peakoks*, *Papinges*, or *Grans*,
 And mak ene Law of *Wicht Fowls* and for *Wrens*,

The Thistle and the Rose.

23

And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

XIX.

THEN callt scho all the Flowirs grew in the Feild,
Discryving all thair Fassons and Effcirs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a BUSH of Speirs,
Considering him fac able for the Weirs.

A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gaif,
And said, in Feild go forth, and send the laif,

XX.

AND sen thou are a King, be thou descreit,
Herb without Value hald not of sic Pryce,
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,
And let no Nettle vyle and full of Vyce
Hir fallow with the Gudly Flowr-delyce,
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI.

NOR hald nane other Flowir in sic deny,
As the fresh ROSE, of Colour reid and quhyt;
For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,

The Thistle and the Rose.

Considdering that no Flowir is sae perfyte,
 Sae full of Plesans, Vertue and Delyte,
 Sae full of blisfull Angellyke Bewtie,
 Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,
 And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
 Abofe the Lilly thou art ilusterous born,
 Frae Ryal Linage rysing fresh and yung,
 But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung:
 Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,
 For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

XXIII.

A costlly Crown with Stanes clarified bricht,
 This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,
 Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;
 Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all reiose,
 Crying attaines, Hail to the fragrant ROSE,
 Hail Empress of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,
 To the be Glorie and Honour at all Hours.

Quhois, Dois, Hir, &c. Whose, Does, Her. The e h
 many such Words is supplied with i,
 But ony Spot, Without Spot.

The Thistle and the Rose. 25

XXIV.

THEN all the Birds thay sang with Voice on hicht,
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys sang, Hail Rose most rich and richt,
That does upflurifs under *Phebus* Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Mail Blösöme breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.

THE Merle scho sang, Hail Rose of most Delyt,
Hail of all Flowres the sweit and soverain Quene:
The Lark scho sang, Hail Rose baith reid and quhyt,
Most plesand Flowir of mighty Colours twain;
Nichtingails sang, Hail Natures Suffragane,
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilness,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilness.

XXVI.

THE common Voice upraise of Birdis small,
Upon this Ways, O blisset be the Hour
That thou was chole to be our Principal,

C 4

That the House of York and Lancaster (the White and Red Rose) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.

The Thistle and the Rose.

Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,
 Our Perle, our Plesance, and our Paramour,
 Our Peace, our Play, our Plain Felicity:
 CHRYS T the conserve from all Adversity.

XXVII.

THEN all the Consort sang with sic a Shout,
 That I anone awakent quhair Llay,
 And with a Braid I turnit me about
 To se this Court, but all wer gone away;
 Then up I leint me, halflings in affray,
 Callt to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose
 To sing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

Quod Mr. Wm. DUNBAR.





A
P A N Y G Y R I C K
O N

Sr PENNY.

R ICHT fain wald I my Qwaintance mak
Sr. Penny with, and wate ye quhy?
He is a Man will undertak

A Lairdship of braid Lands to buy;
Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I
With him in Fellowship repair,
Because he is in Company
noble Gyde baith late and air.

28 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.*

II.

Sr Penny for till hald in Hand,
His Company they think sae sweet;
Sum does not care to sell thair Land,
With gude *Sr Penny* for to meit,
Because he is of a noble Spreit,
A furthy Man and a forsciand;
There is no Mater ends compleit,
Till he set to his Seil and hand,

III.

Sr Penny is a valiant Man,
Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,
And evir sen this Warld began,
In this Land autoreist is he:
The King or Quene ze may not see,
They still so tenderlie him trete,
That ther can nathing endit be,
Without his Company ze get.

IV.

Sr Penny is a Man of Law,
And (witt ye weil) baith wyse and war;
He mony Reasons can furth schaw,
Quhen he is standing at the Bar,

A Panygyrick on Sr Penny. 29

Is nane sae sharp that can him scar,
Quhen he proponis furth ony Pley :
Nor zit sae hardy Man as dar
Sr Penny tyne or disobey.

V

Sr Penny is baith leird and wyle,
The Kirk to steir he taks in Hand;
Disponer of ilk Benefice
In this Realm, throu all the Land;
Is nane sae wicht dar him gainstand,
Sae wysely can Sr Penny wirk;
And als Sr Symonie his Servand,
That now is Cydar of the Kirk.

VI.

Gif to the Court thou mak repair,
And ther haif Matters to proclame,
Thou art unable weil to fair,
Sr Penny gif thou leif at hame,
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;
I do thee weil to understand,
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

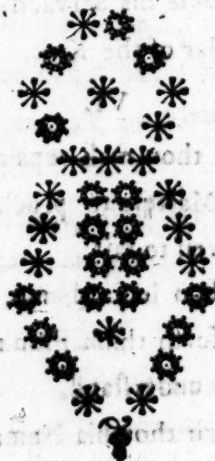
30 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.*

VH.

Sr Penny now is maid an **Owl**,
They wirk him mekle **Tray** and **Tene**,
They hald him in till he **hair-moull**,
And maks him blind of baith his **Ene**;
Thirout he is but **findle sene**,
Sae fast tharin they can him **steik**,
That **Commons** pure cannot obtain
Ane Day to byd with him and **ipeik**.

Tray and *Tene*, Anger.

Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldiness.



VERTUE and VYCE.

A
P O E M,

Address to

JAMES V. King of SCOTS.

By the famous and renown'd Clerk,

Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,
Arch-Dean of Murray.

WHEN Silver *Diane* full of Beams bright,
Frac dark *Eclips* was past this usher Night,
And to the Crab his proper Mansion gane;
Strophilax contending with his Might
the grit East to fetch his Voyage right;
I mene the Leider of the *Charles quans*:
Aboif our Heid then was the *Ursin* twain,
then *Starris* small obscure grew to our Sicht.
And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,
 Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
 When ardent Labour has addressit me,
 Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
 Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
 Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see
 The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;
 Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
 Ilk State apprysit in thair Facultie.

III.

My weary Spreit desiring to repress
 My emptive Pen of fruteles Bissiness,
 Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air.
 When *Priapus* with stormy Weid oppresse,
 Requeisit me, in his Maist Tenderness,
 To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
 But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare
 To set asyde unplefant Havyness
 On this and that contempling Solitare.

Priapus, who presides over Gardens.

IV.

AND first occurrt to my remembering,
How that I was in Service with the King,
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tenderest,
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,
With Heart and Hand, and every other thing,
That might him pleise in ony manner best,
While envy grit me from his Service kest,
By them that had the Court in governing.
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Nest.

V.

OUR Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,
Dependance have on thir celest Creaturis,
Apperandly by some Necessitie;
For thocht a Man wald set his bissly curie,
Sae far as Labour and his Wisdom furis,
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho' he eschew it with Difficultie,
The cursid weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien to him first in his Nativitie.

VI.

Of cardlie State bewailing thus the Chance
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,

Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis Sae deip,
That sad Avysing with her thochtfull Lance
Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,
Till *Morpheus* the Dreiry God of Sleip,
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
And set his Slewth and deidly Countenance,
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip,

VII.

METNOCHT I was into a plesand Meid,
Quhair *Flora* made the tender Bluims to spreid
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutritive,
Qohen golden *Titan* with his Flamis sae reid,
Aboif the Seis upraist his glorious Heid,
Defoonding down his Heit restorative
To every Fruit that Nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
With Stormis cauld, and Har. frost penetrive.

VIII.

A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did sone espy a fellon Reird
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayest Weir,
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zeir,
As it had bene of *Mayis* sweit Day the Feird,
Their gudelic Havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I saw a crownit King appeir,
With tender Downas arrising on his Beird,

IX.

THIR courtly Gallants settand thair Intents
To sing and play on divers Instruments;
According to this PRINCEIS Appetyte,
Twa Ladyis fair came pransand owre the Bents,
Thair costly Cleathing shawd their mighty Rents;
Quhat Heart micht wish, they wanted not a Myte,
The Rubies shone upon thair Fingers quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair Consents
This VERTUE was, that uther hecht *Delite*.

X

THIR Goddesfes arrayt in this fine Ways,
 As Reuerence and Honour list devyse,
 Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis,
 Syne drest themfells into thair best Avyse,
 Sac far as Wisdom in thair Powir lyes,
 To do the Thing that micht him best apprise,
 Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,
 And him desyret that for his Emperyis,
 Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

XI.

AND first *Delyte* unto the PRINCE said thus,
 Maist valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,
 And Lustyest that evir Nature wrocht,
 Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellyfluous,
 With Notes sweit, and sang mellodious,
 Awalketh heir among the Flowirs soft,
 Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,
 My heavenly Blis is so delicious,
 All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

XII.

THO' thou had *France*, and all beyont the *Po*,
Spain, Ingland, Pole, with uther Kingdoms moe,
 And reign oure them in State most glorious,
 Thy puffiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,
 Gif it unto thy Pleisurs is a Foe,
 Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus;
 Ther is nathing may be fac odious
 To Man, as leif in Misery and Woe,
 Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

DRESS thee thairfor with all thy bissy Cure,
 That thou in Joy and Pleisure may endure;
 Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,
 Twa gros and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
 Thir Elements be working of Nature,
 In uther change; and tho' they be richt far
 Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,
 Of them are made all Creatores Eard air burre,
 And finally in them resolvit ar.

XIV

THE Fyre in Air, the Air in Water cleir,
In Eard the Water turns withooten Weir,

The Eard in Water it turnt ower again;
Sae furth in Order nochtis consumed heir,
And Man new born begins sone to apper
Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,
Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,
Tho' it resolve into sum new Manner,
Neathing is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

XV

THUS neathing is in Eard but fugitive,
Passand and command spreiding successive;

And as a Beist, so is a Man confave
Of Seid infast, in Members genitive,
And furth his Tymes in plesoure does out drye
As Chance him leids, till he be bid in Grave
Thairfor thy Hevyn and Plesour now relave,
Quhile thou art heir into this present Lyve,
For after Deith thou sail no Pleisour haive.

XVI.

THE Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,
Unpult, some wither, and with Winds owrefet,)

Wallout falls down bot ony Fruit, I wiss,
Thairfore I say, Sen that naething may last,
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,
(For every Thing but for a Season is)

Thou may not haif a mair excellent Bliss
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms piet,
To hals and brais with mony a lusty Kib.

XVII.

AND haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper set, quhilk Nature has provyde

With every Pleisour, that thou mayst divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overhyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,

Thou maun allways from agit Men declyne,
yne drels thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,
To suffer nane fall in the Houle abyde,
ut gif they will unto thy Lust inclyne.

XVIII.

Gif thou delyres into the Seis to fleit
 Of hevinly Blifs, than me thy Lady treit;
 For it is said by Clerks of fair Renown,
 Thair is nae Pleasour in this Eard so grit,
 As quhen a Luer dois his Lady meit,
 To raise his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Sonn,
 As hiest Pleasour but Comparisoun.
 I fall the geif in thy Zeirs young and sweit,
 A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun,

XIX.

QUHILK fall be found sae joyous and Pleasant,
 Gif thou into her mirry Flichts fall hant,
 Of evry Blifs that may in Eard appeir,
 As Hairt will think thou fall nae Plenty want,
 Quhile Zeirs swift with Qubeils properant,
 Consume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir,
 And quhen *Delyt* had said on this Maner,
 As Rage of Zowthied thocht maist relivant;
 Then *Vertew* spake, as after ye fall heir.

XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,
Sall gif thy Hicness, (gif thou list disyre)

Triumphant Glorie, his Honour, Fame, divyne,
With his Puissance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,

Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun first ensuffer meikle Pyne,
Abune thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then fall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

AMANG my Facs my Realms set ar all,
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,

And ever still dois on my Border ly:
And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrowl,
Thay ly in wait, gif any Chance may fall,
Of me sumtyme to get the Victory.

Thus is my Lyfe an ithand Chevalry,
And Labour halds me strong as ony Wall,
And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

XXII.

Nae Fortune may against me ocht avail,
Tho' Icho with cloudy Storms me aft assail.

I brek the Streim of sharp Adversity,
In Wedder lown, and maist tempestuous Flail,
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:

My Ships fac strong, that I may never die,
Wit, Reason, Manheid governs me fac hie,
Nae influence of Stars can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with Infortunie.

XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,
Bot grit Distress and sharp Adversity,

As be this Reason is experience;
The fynest Gold or Silver that we se,
May not be wrocht to our Utility,

Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
The mair Distress, the mair intelligence.

Quha eir sails lang in hie Prosperity,
Ar lunc owrelet, gainst Storms have nae Defence

XXIV.

THIS fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
But dout fall thee and all the World bring

To sicker Bliss, or then eternal Wae.

Gif thou by honest Labour dois a Thing,

Thy Labour vanisfis but tarrying;

Howbeit thy honest Warks they do not fac.

Gif thou does pcht of Lust be Nicht or Day,

The shamefull Deid, without dislevering,

Continues still when Plesour is away,

XXV.

As Carvell ticht, fast tending throw the Sie,

Leives nae imprent among the Wallis hie.

As swiftest Birds with mony a bissy Plume

ersis the Air, and wates not quhair thay flie,

icklyks our Lyfe without Activitie;

It giffes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume,

Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydleness consume,

ot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie

Sall ~~vanise~~ soner than the reiky Fume.

XXVI.

A's Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,
 As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,
 And purefies with Heit thats vehement:
 As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurifare:
 As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,
 And makes them of the Rot impatient.
 As Spyce maist sweit, and Rose maist redolent;
 As stern of Day by Motion circular,
 Chaifes the Nicht with Beims resplendent.

XXVII.

SICKLYKE my Warks they persyt every Wicht,
 In fervent Luvē of maist excellent Licht,
 And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,
 And does the Saul frae all Disorder dight,
 With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bricht
 Than *Diane* full, or zet *Apollo* cleir,
 Syn raifes it into the hiest Sphere,
 Immortally to shine in Gods awin Sicht,
 His chosen Creature, and as Spous maist deir.

XXVIII.

THIS uther Wretch that clipit is *Dehyte*,
Involves Mankynd be sensual Appityte,
In every Kind of Vyce and Miseric,
Because nae Wit nor Reason is persyte
Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infinyt;
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Se!
Quhilk signifies hit Plesour venomit,
Is minglit ay with shairp Adversitie.

XXIX.

DUKE *Hannibal*, as mony Authors wrait,
Throw *Spanzie* came be mony a Passage strait;
To *Italy* in Furor bellical,
Brak down hie Walls, and hieft Mountains slait,
And to his Army made an open Gait,
And Victories had on the *Romans* all.
At *Capua* by Plesour sensual,
The Duke was made sac last and delicate,
That by his Facs he was sone overthrawll.

XXX.

Of ferfs *Achill* the weirly Deids sprang,
 In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in VERTUE rang,
 Hou Lust him slew it is but Rewth to heir:
 Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair Knichts strang,
 The valiant *Greeks* furth frae thair Ruins dang,
 Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;
 That Nicht they went to thair Lust and Plesour,
 The fatal Horfs did throw thair Walls faug,
 Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince efeminat,
 Frae Deids of Knichts basely degenerat,
 Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
 With Fingers fast amang the Ladyis sat,
 And with his Lust couth not be satiate,
 Till frae his Faes came last the bitter Dint.
 Qnhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene rint,
 Quhen they with Lust have bene intoxicat,
 To schaw at lenth my Tong wald nevir stint.

XXXII.

BUT brave *Camil* the valiant Chevalier,
(When he the *Gauls* had dantint be his Weir)

Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Friends maist deir
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir

To haif enough, be *Roman* Providence.

Gif they wer given to Vyce and Insolence,

It was not neidfull heould conqueis Geir,

To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

XXXIII.

SUM nobil Men, as Poets list declair,

Wer Deisein, sum made Gods of the Air.

Sum of the Heaven, as *Bolus*, *Vulcan*,

Apollo, *Saturn*, *Plutona*, *Jupiter*,

Mars, *Hercules*, and other Men preclair,

That Fame immortall in this World want.

Quhy wer this People called Gods than;

Because they had a *Virtus* singular,

Excellentie abing the Ingyns of Man.

XXXIV.

AND uthers are in Reik sulphurous,
 As *Ixion*, and weiry *Sisyphus*,
Eumenides, the Furies odibil,
 The proud Gyants, and thrifty *Tantalus*,
 With ugly Drink, and Fude maist venomus,
 Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkness ar sensible:
 Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains sae terrible?
 Because they were but Shrews maist vicious
 Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maist horribil.

XXXV.

AND tho' nae Fruit wer after consequent
 Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld present:
 Ilk Man to haif allenerlie Respect;
 Zet VERTUE sould frae Vice be different,
 As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
 That ane to hieft Honour does direct,
 This uther Saul and Body does neglect:
 That ane of Reason maist intelligent,
 This uther of Beists following the Effect.

XXXVI.

FOR he that hold against his vyle Lusts stryve,
But lives as Beasts of Knowlege sensityve,
Grows fast to Eild, and Death him, sone owrehaile :
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyfe
Than the staid Horse; also the barrand Wyfe
Youthfull appeire, when that the Brudie fails :
We also se when Nature nocht prevails,
The Pain and Dolour ar sae pungityve,
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

XXXVII.

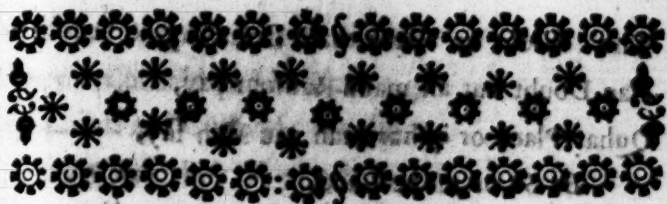
WHEN our Intents baith we haif shawn thee thus,
Theis of us twae the praisit delicious,
Or, to sustene a sharp Adversitie,
Wanting the Rage of Youthheid furious,
And syn posses Triumphs innummerous,
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie;
Or haif ane Moment Sensualitie
Of fulish Youth, in Lyf voluptuous,
And all thy Days full of sad Miserie.

XXXVIII.

PHEBUS be this his fyrie Cart did wry,
 Frae South to West declynand biffyly
 To dip his Steids into the Weirlin Main;
 When ryling Damps owrefaild his Village dry
 With Vapours thick, and cluddet all the Sky,
 And *Nortus* bryn, the Wind meridain,
 With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
 Awakent me, that I could not espy
 Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady tane,

XXXIX.

BUT fane I knew they were the Goddesses
 That came in Sleip to valliant *Hercules*,
 When he was zong, and free of every Lora,
 To Lust or Honour, Purith or Riches,
 Quhair he contemptit Lust and Idleness,
 That he in *Virtue* micht his Lyfe decore;
 Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
 The mair increfist his painfull Biffiness,
 His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.



*A Bytand BALLAT on warlo Wives,
That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.*

I.

BE merry, Brethren, aye and all,
And set all Sturt aside;
And every aye together call
To God to be our Gyde;
For as lang lives the mirry Man,
As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,
When Deid him strakes, he wats na whan,
And charges him to byde.

II.

THE Rich then sall not spared be,
Thocht they haif Gold and Land,
Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewty,
Cannot that Charge gainstand.

E

The Wicht or Weak wald flee away,
 Nae Doubt but all maun Ransom pay,
 Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man say,
 Be Se or zit be Land.

III.

THE mirryest Man that leives on Lyfe,
 He fails upon the Se;

For he knows neither Sturt nor Stryfe,

But blyth and glad is he;

But he that has an evil Wyfe,

Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,

And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryf,

How can he mirry be;

IV.

ANE evil Wyfe is the warst aught

That ony Man can haif;

For he may never sit in South,

Unless he be her Slaif:

But of that Sort I know nane ither,
Except a Cuckald or his Bruther;
Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogether,
May wifs their Wyves in Graif,

V.

BECAUSE thair Wyves haif Maistery,
That they dar naeways cheip,
But gif it be in Privity,
Quhen they are fast asleip;
One mirry in thair Company,
To them is worth baith Gold and Fie:
Menstrell neir coud dairthful be,
Thair Mirth if he coud beir.

VI.

But of that Sort whilk I report,
I know nane in this Ring:
But we may all baith grit and small,
Gladly baith dance and sing.

E 2

Sunt Lairds. Here is spelled with an S, as it ought, and
with a C, as many of the English do.

Quha lists not here to make gude Cheir,
 Perchance his Guida an uthir Yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brought to Beir,
 Quhen his Wyfe tak the Fling.

VII.

It has bene sene, that wyse Women,
 After their Husband's Deid,
 Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
 If they could bear a Laid.
 With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring
 The Geir that won was by a Dring;
 And syne gart all the Bairnies sing,
Ramukloch in their Bed.

VIII.

THEN wad scho say, Alake this Day,
 For him that wan this Geir.
 Quhen I him had, I skairly said,
 My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.
 Or I had letten him spend a Plak,
 I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,
 Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,
 Ower the Nicht of the Stair.

IX.

Ze Niggarts then Example tak,
And leir to spend your awn,
and with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may well be known,
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;
And for thy Wyfe se thou nocht spair,
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,
Sac fall thy Worth be shawn.

X.

IN IS quod I, quha sets not by
The ill Wyves of this Toun,
no' for Dispyte with me wald flyte,
Gif thay micht put me down.
If they wald ken quha maid this Sang,
Whidder they will him heid or hang,
myings his Name quhair eir he gang,
In Country and in Toun.

Quod FLEMING,

E 3

not by, Does not Value. Put down, Murder.



ROBIN *and* MAKYNE,
A PASTORAL.

I.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene Hill,
Keipand a Flock of Fie,

Quhen mirry *Makyne* said him till,

O Robin rew on me.

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,

 Thir Towmonds twa or thre;

My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,

 Doubtless bot Dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,

 Naithing of Luve I knaw,

But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,

 Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

*Dyle in dern, Sorrow in secret. Dill, still, calm, or
gate. Raik on Raw, go apace in a Row.*

Quhat can have mair thee in thy Mude,

Thou *Makyne* to me schaw;
Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude?

Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

THE Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,

Tak thair an A, B, C;

Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,

Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,

Sae that nae Danger do the deir,

What Dule in dern thou drie;

Pres ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,

Be patient, and privie.

IV.

ROBIN he answert her again,

I wat not quhat is Luve,

But I haif Marvell uncertain

Quhat maks thee thus waruse.

E 4

Fair of Feir of a fair and healthful Look.

The Wedderis fair, and I am fain ;
 My Sheip gae hail abuve,
 Gif we sould pley us on the Plain,
 They wald us baith reprove,

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,
 And do all as I reid ;
 And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,
 Eik and my Maidenheid :
 Sen God he sends Bute for Bale,
 And for Murning Remeid,
 I dern with thee, but give I dale,
 Doubtless I am but deid.

VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 May be my Sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full heir ;

Wedderis, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apostrophised, yet by this one may judge that in every like Case they pronounced, as if such Vowels were cut off with an Apostrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,

Frae thay begin to fleir,

Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,

Then *Makyne* mak gude Cheir.

VII.

ROBIN thou reivs me of my Rest;

I luvè but thee alane.

Makyne, adieu, the Sun goes West,

The Day is neir-hand gane.

Robin in Dule I am so drest,

That Luvè will be my Bane,

Makyne gae luvè quhair eir ye list;

For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

ROBIN I stand in sic a Style,

I sich, and that full fair

Makyne I have bene heir this quyle,

At hame I wish I were.

Robin, my Hinny, talk and smyle,

Gif thou will donae mair.

Makyne sum uther Man beguyle;

For hameward I will fare.

IX.

SYNE Robin on his Ways he went,

As light as Lelf on Tree :

But *Makynē* murnt and made Lament,

Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the Bent.

Then *Makynē* cryd on hie,

Now may thou sing, for I am shent :

Quhat can ail Luvē at me ?

X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,

And weirylic could weip ;

Then *Robin* in a full fair Dale

Assemblit all his Sheip,

Be that somepart of *Makynē* Ail,

Outthrow his Heart could creip,

Hir fast he followt to assail,

And till her tuke gude keip.

Brayd attowre the Bent, hasted over the Field. Tuke
gude Keip, kept a close Eye upon her.

Robin and Matyne

61

XI.

AARD, abyd, thou fair *Matyne*,

A Word for ony Thing;

For all my Love it fall be thyne,

Withoutten departing.

All hale thy Heart for till have myne,

Is all my coveting;

My Sheip quhyle Morn till the Hours Nyne,

Will mister nae keiping.

XII.

ROBIN, thou has heard sung and lay,

In Jests and Storys auld,

The Man that will not when he may,

Sall have nocht when he wald.

I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,

Be eikd their Cares sae cauld,

That presses first with thee to play,

Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

XIII.

MAKYNE, the Nicht is soft and dry,

The Wether warm and fair,

And the grene Wod richt neir hand by,

To walk attowre all where:

There may nae Janglers us espy,

That is to Luvè contrair,

Therin, *Makyns*, baith you and I,

Unseen may mak Repair.

XIV.

ROBIN, that Warld is now away,

And quyt brocht till an End,

And neir again thereto perfoy,

Sall it be as thou wend ;

For of my Pain thou made but Play,

I Words in vain did spend ;

As thou has done fac fall I say,

Murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

MAKYNE, the Hope of all my Heal,

My Heart on thee is set ;

I'll evermair to thee be leil,

Quhile I may live but lett,

Never to fail as others feil,

Quhat Grace so eir I get.

Robin, with thee I will not deal ;

Adieu, for this we met.

XVI.

MAKYNE went hameward blyth enough,

Outowre the Holtis Hair.

Pure *Robin* murnd and *Makyne* leugh;

Scho sang, and he sichd fair:

Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,

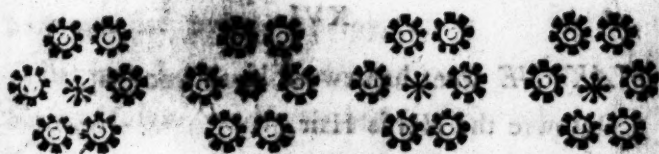
In Dolor and in Care,

Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,

Amang the rasby Gair.

Finis quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.





Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

I.

MAN, sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,
 And Deid is ever drawing neir,
 The Tyme unliker and the Place,
 Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thy self it uses,
 Gif it be not, thee it refuses,
 Another of thee Profit has,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has space.

III.

THOU may to Day have Gude to spend,
 In haist to Morn may from it wend,
 And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has space.

IV.

QUHILE thou has Space, se thou dispone
That for thy Geir; quhen thou art gone,
Nae Wicht ane other flay or chace,
Enjoyt thy self quhile thou has Space.

V.

SUM all his Days dryves owre in vain,
Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain,
Is nevir glade at Zule nor Pais;
Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

VI.

SYNE cums ane blythsome of his Sorrow,
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow,
And fangs it all with Merryness;
Then spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

VII.

SUM gathers Gude, and ay it spares,
And after him cum braw young Airs,
That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace,
And sendst a Sheiring in short Space.

66 *Advice to Man to enjoy his ain,*

VIII.

It s just all thyne that here thou spends,
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to spend it that has Grace;
Then spend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

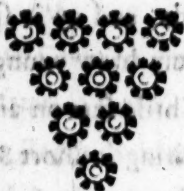
IX.

TRUST not annother well do ye to,
It that thy self wald never do;
For gif thou dois, strange is thy Case;
Thine ain Gude spend quhyle thou has Space.

X.

LUKE how the Bairn dois to the Mother,
And tak Example be nane uther,
That it not after be thy Case;
Sae spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod DUMBAE





*On a bonny Vessel called The FLEMING
BARK, belonging to Edinburgh.*

I.

I Have a little FLEMING Berge
Of cleanly Wark, and scho is wicht;
Quhat Pylot takis my Schip in Charge,
Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht;
Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,
With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie;
Scho will sail all the Winter Nicht,
And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

II.

With ane even Keil afore the Wind,
Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail;
But at a Lufe scho lyes behind,
Gar heis her quhile her Flowbands strail;

Draw weil the Takle to her Tail,
 Scho will not miss ro lay zour Mast,
 To pump as aft as ze may sail,
 Ze will neir hald her Watter-fast.

III.

To colf hir aft can do no ill,
 And talloun quhair the Flude-mark flows ;
 But gif scho lekks, get Men of Skill
 To stap the Holes laigh in the Hows :
 For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,
 And Stane-balast withouten other,
 In moonless Nichts it is nae Mows,
 Except a stout Man steir the Ruther.

IV.

A Vessell fair abune the Watter,
 And is but laitly reikit too,
 Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter
 Are nane sic in the Flot as scho :
 Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,
 Hail on the Fore sheit and the Blind ;
 Scho will tak in at Cap and Ko,
 Without scho balast be behind,

The Fleming Bark.

69

V.

Nae Pedders Pak scho will refuse,
Altho' hir Travel scho should tyne,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That dois thair Corn and Catle trayn;
And quhere scho finds a Fallow fyne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowse,
Scho carrys nicht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Gunzie-House.

VI.

For Merchand Men I may haif Money,
But nane sic as I wald desyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my Matter in the Myre;
That Man that wirks best for his Hyre
Its he sall be my Marriner,

But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre
That fails my bonny Ballenger.

VII.

Quhen Anker-hald nane can be fund,
I pray you cast the Leid-lyne out;
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,
Steir be the Compass, keep her Rout;

The Fleming Bark.

Syne travers still, and lay about,
 And gar her top twiche Wind and Waw,
 When anker dryves, there is nae Dout
 Thir tripand Tydes may tync us a.

VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,
 Abydand on sum Merchand Block,
 But be scho empty, be our Lady,
 Scho will be kitle of her Dok ;
 Scho will refuse nae Landwart *Jek*,
 Tho' he should fraught her for a Crown:
 Thus fair ze weil, says gude *John Cok*,
 A noble Sailor in this Toun.

Quod **SEMPLE**



*The Defens of Grissell Sandylands
 For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,
 Being in Ward for Playing of the Loun
 With every one list gife hir half a Crown.*

I.

PERNITIOUS People, partial in despyte,
Susannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,
 Your cankeret Council is the Cause and Wyte,
 Bowstert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,
 Finding nae Cryme, nor haifing a Comission
 To hurt Dame *Venus* Virgins as ze do;
 Gif ze fac rashly rin upon Suspition,
 Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To *Sandylands* ze war owr fair to schame hir,
 Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;
 Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,
 Haifing nae Cause but common Fame and Sklander,

72 *The Defens of Grissell Sandylands.*

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir,
Except a * Clerk of godly Conversation,

Quhat gif belyde *John Duries* self ye fand hir,
Dar ze suspect the haly Congregation.

III.

ZOUR fleshy Consciens gars zou tak this Feir,

Believe ze Virgins will be won sae sune,

Na, GOD forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,

And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,

Had scho bene * * * *

That war a perelous Play, ane nicht suspect them,

But Lads and Lasses will meit after None,

When *Dick* and *Durie* baith dow not correct them.

IV.

SEN Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men,

Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid,

May not possels, or Heavens high Hall get ben,

As in the Byble daylie we may reid :

* The Minister. *Beaton.*

Had scho bene * * * * In such Places as are so sullied & torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuse rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might be supplied with small Difficulty.

The Defens of Griffell Sandylands 73

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,
Syne Furnication placit amang the laif
Exempt zour selves throu all the Toun in Deid,
Then luke how many zou unmarkid haif.

V.

Gif ye belife not *Betoun* be his Word,
In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit;
Let him that follows fetch it with the Sword,
Ane auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit.
Are Ministers sic Men to be abusit,
That know the Scripture and the Ten Commands?
Tho' he and scho wer in a House inclusit,
That says not, he sell soul on *Sandylands*,

VI.

As for the rest, I know not thair Vocation,
Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name them
Catholick Virgins of the Congregation,
Syne were to tyne them, if ze wald obtien them:
Quhat can ze say, exept that ze haid sein them
With *rem in re* all nakit, bot Adherance;
Then tak a Bow-string, draw it down betwein them
And gif it sticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

74 *The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.*

VII.

Zk cativc Clerks, that Colege ze frequentit
Quhen ze were Wanflers of the Wanton Band,
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,
Zour Pistols tuint, and Backsprent like a Wand,
Snap Wark, adieu frac * * *
And warse than that, ze want zour pryming Powder;
Then Consciens cums with crukit Staff in Hand,
Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shoulder,

VIII.

REMEMBER first zour former Quality,
And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull Weir;
But gif ze do, then our Regality
Has Power plainly then to replege them heir,
Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae Feir,
Doun by the *Canno-Croce* I pray zou send them,
Where * *Bannatyn* has promist to compeir,
With lawfull Reason ready to defend them.

* Mr. Patrick.

The Defens of Grissell Sandylands. 75

IX.

ANE Cause there is, thay cannot be convick,
Ze had nae Power after the Sun was set.
The Provost gave nae Charge to *Gilbert Dick*;
The special Thing that sould not bein forzet,
They were not Theives, nor yet condemn in Dett,
Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Cause ze knaw,
* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett,
And saiklefs Daws make subject to the Law.

X.

ZOUR partial Juge we may declyne him to,
But set me down the Parson *Pennycuik*,
Or *Sanders Guthrie* see quhat he can do:
He kens the Law, and keips zour ain Court-Buke;
For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke:
James Banantyne was anes a Man of Skill;
And gif he comes not there, I wish we tuke,
To keip our Dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.

* — Little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

76 *The Defens of Grissell Sandylands.*

XI.

QUHAT Kimmer casts the formest Stane, lets se,
At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully suspeck
For sklenting Bouts; now better war let be,
Than to begin and get zour selves a Geck,
The greatest Falt I find in this Effect;
They baith tike Pay, and put themselves in Schame;
But quhen the Court cums to the Town, quhat Reck,
We sall restore them to their Stock again.

XII.

IN zour Tolbuith sic Prisoners to plant,
Will be receivd richt weil, ye my consider,
Gude Captane *Adam* will not let them want
Bedding, howbeid they sould lig all togidder.
As for his Wife, I wald ye sould forbid her,
Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,
Because his Back is larbour groun and lidder,
Bot Understanding now to treit a Stranger,

XIII.

THE greatest Greif I find, ze haif defamed
Thir Luvers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
Because thair Bands were just to be proclaimd,
Parrys had met, and made a fair Contrack :

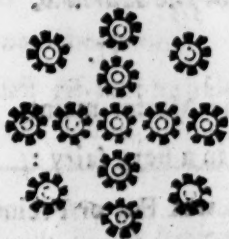
The Defens of Grissell Sandylands. 77

But now alas the Men are loppin back ;
For oppen Sklander callt a speikand Deil,
In grit Affairs ze had not bein sae sn-ck.
About the ruleing of the Common-weil.

XIV.

To punish Part is Partiality,
To punish all is hard to do indeid ;
But send them heir to our Regality,
And we sall see gif we can serve their Neid ;
This rural Ryme whaever likes to reid,
To *Dick* and *Dury* 'its directed plain,
Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,
I sall be ready to reform again.

Quod SIMPLE.





The Battle of *Harlaw*,

*Foughten upon Friday, July 24 1411,
against Donald of the Isles.*

I.

FRAE *Dunidir* as I cam through,
Doun by the Hill of *Banochie*,
Allangst the Lands of *Garioch*;
Grit Pitie was to heir and se
The Noys and dulesum Hermonie,
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie,
Alas! alas! for the *Harlaw*.

II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint,
All Folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wist nocht quha was Fae or Freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

Battle of Harlaw.

79

But sen the Days of auld King *Haiky*,
Sic Slauchter was not hard nor sene,
And thair I had nae Tyme to tairry,
For Bissiness in *Aberdene*.

III.

THUS as I walkit on the Way,
To *Inverury* as I went,
I met a Man and bad him stay,
Requeissling him to mak me quair,
Of the Beginning and the Event,
That happenit thair at the *Harlaw*;
Then he entreated me tak tent,
And he the Truth sould to me schaw.

IV.

GRIT *Donald* of the *Yles* did claim,
Unto the Lands of *Ross* sam Richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:

Governor, Robert Duke of Albany, Uncle to King James I. The Account of this famous Battle may be seen in our Scots Histories.

Quha saw his Interest was but slicht;
 And thairfore answerit with Disdain;
 He hastit hame baith Day and Night,
 And sent nae Bodward back again.

V.

BUT *Donald* richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke *Robert* gaif,
 He vowed to God Omnipotent,
 All the hale Lands of *Ross* to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his Graif.
 He wald not quat his Richt for nocht.
 Nor be abusit lyk a Slaif,
 That Bargin sould be deirly bocht.

VI.

THEN haistylie he did command,
 That all his Weir-Men should convene,
 Ilk an well harnisit frae Hand,
 To meit and heir qubat he did mein;
 He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
 Subdew the Brugh of *Aberdene*,
Mearns, *Angus*, and all *Fyfe* to *Forth*.

VII.

THUS with the Weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding boun,
With Money maid, with Forss and Wyls,
Richt far and neir baith up and down:
Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,
Allangst the Lands of Ross he roars,
And all obey'd at his Bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren Shoars.

VIII.

THEN all the Countrie Men did zield;
For nae Resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer Battill in the Feild,
Be forss of Arms to beir him bak;
Synce they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair Behoif,
They sould him for thair Chiftain tak,
Believing 'weil he did them luv.

IX.

THEN he a Proclamation maid
All Men to meet at *Inverness*,
Throw *Murray* Land to mak a Raid,
Frae *Arthurfyre* unto *Spey-ness*.

And further mair, he sent Express,
 To schaw his Collours and Ensenzie,
 To all and sundry, mair and less,
 Throchout the Bounds of *Byne* and *Enzie*.

X.

AND then throw fair *Strathbogie* Land,
 His Purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhafoevir durst gainstand,
 That Race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bad all his Men be trew,
 And him defend by Forss and Slicht,
 And promist them Rewardis anew,
 And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

XI.

WITHOUT Resistans as he said,
 Throw all these Parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But *Garioch* was all agast.
 Throw all these Feilds he sped him fast,
 For sic a Sicht was never sene;
 And then, forsuith, he langd at last
 To se the Bruch of *Aberdene*.

Battle of Harlaw.

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XII.

To hinder this prowd Enterprife,
The stout and michry Erle of *MARR*
With all his Men in Arms did ryfe,
Even frae *Curgarf* to *Craigyoar*,
And down the fyde of *Dow* richt far,
Angus and *Mearns* did all convene
To fecht, or *DONALD* came fac nar
The Ryall Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XIII.

AND thus the Martial Erle of *MARR*,
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,
Befoir the Enemie was aware
His Banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the Way,
And all their Semblance weil they saw,
Without all Dangir, or Delay,
Come haiftily to the *HARLAW*

G

MARR, *Alexander* Earl of *Mar*, Son of *Alexander* the
Governour's Brother.

XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord *OGILVY*,

Of *Angus* Sherriff principall,

The Constabill of gude *Dunde*,

The Vanguard led before them all,

Suppose in Number they war small,

Thay first richt bauldlie did persw,

And maid thair Faces betor themfall,

Quha then that Race did fairly rew.

XV.

AND then the worthy Lord *SALTON*,

The strong undoubted Laird of *DRUM*,

The stalwart Laird of *Lawrystone*,

With ilk thair Forces all and sum.

PANMUIR With all his Men did cum,

The Provost of braif *Aberdene*,

With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,

Came schortly in thair Armour schene.

XVI.

THESE with the Earle of *MARR* came on,

In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,

Thair Enemies to sett upon ;

In awfull Manner hardily,

Together vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony Mylis
For to suppress the Tyrannie
Of douted **DONALD** of the Isles.

XVII.

But he in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt subtile along did ryde,
With *Malcolm* of *sech* and *Iell Maclean*,
With all thair Power at thair Syde,
Presumeand on thair Strength and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt haultie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair **HARLAW**.

XVIII.

THE Armies met, the Trumpet sounds
The dandring Drums alloud did took,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild fould bruik.
Nae Help was thairfor, nane Wald jouk,
Ferfs was the Fecht on ilka Syde,
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk
Of them that thair did Battill byd.

XIX.

WITH doutfurn Victorie they deale,

The bludy Battail lastit lang,

Each Man his Nibours Foris thair felt ;

The Weakest aft-rymea gat the Wrang :

Thair was nae Mowis thair thens amang,

Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,

That Eccho mad a dulefull Sang,

Thairto resounding frae the Rocks.

XX.

BUT Donalds Men at last gaif back ;

For they war all out of Arrey,

The Earl of MARRIS Men throw them back,

Pursewing shairply in thair Way,

Thair Enemys to tak or slay,

Be Dynt of Foris to gat them yield,

Quha war rich blyth to win away,

And sae for Feirdnoss tane the Foik.

XXI.

THEN Donald fled, and that full fast,

To Mountain hie for all his Might ;

For he and his war all agast,

And ran till they war out of Sicht ;

Battle of Harlaw

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And sae of *Ross* he lost his Richt,
Thocht many Men with him he brocht,
Towards the *Yle Red Day* and Nicht,
And all he wan was doirly becht.

XXII.

THIS is, (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did heir and know,
Thocht my Discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt fute Saw;
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,
Thair was spilt meikle Christian Blude,
Into the Battil of *Harlaw*,
This is the Sam, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

BUT zit a bonny Quhyte abyde,
And I sall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkey syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland Men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene:
These lazie Lowns nicht weil be spaird,
Chesit lyke Deirs into their Dens,
And gat thair Waiges for Reward.

XXIV.

MALCOMTOSH of the Clan Heid Cheif,
Macklean with his grit haughty Heid,
 With all thair Succour and Relief,
 War dulefully dung to the Deid:
 And now we are freid of thair Feid,
 They will not lang to cum again;
 Thousands with them without Remeid,
 On *Danald's* Syd that Day war slain,

XXV.

AND on the uther Syde war lost,
 Into the Feild that dismal Day,
 Chief Men of Worth (of mekle Cost)
 To be lamentit fair for ay.
 The Lord *Saltoun* of *Rothemay*,
 A Man of Micht and mekle Main;
 Grit Dolour was for his Decay,
 That sae unhappylle was slain,

XXVI.

Of the best Men among them was,
 The gracious gude Lord *OGILVT*,
 The Sheriff-principal of *Angus*;
 Renownit for Truth and Equitie,

For Faith and Magnanimitie;
He had few Fallows in the Field;
Yet fell by fatall Destinie,
For he nae ways was grant to Zield.

XXVII.

SIR *James Scrimgeour of Duddap*, Knicht,
Grit Constabill of fair *Dunde*.

Unto the dulefull Deith was dichte,
The Kingis cheif Banner man was he,

A valziant Man of Chevalrie,
Quhais Predecessors wan that Place

At *Spey*, with gude King *WILLIAM* sic,
Gainst *Murray* and *Maceduncans* Race.

XXVIII.

GUDE Sir *Alexander Irving*,
The much renownt Laird of *Drum*,

Nane in his Days was better sene,
Quhen they war semblit all and sum;

To praise him we fould not be dumm,
For Valour, Witt and Worthyness,

To end his Days he ther did cum,
Quhois Ransom is remeidyless.

XXIX.

AND thair the Knight of *Lauriston*
 Was slain into his Armour schene,
 And gude Sir *Robert Davidson*,
 Quha proveit was of *Aberdene*,
 The Knight of *Pannure*, as was sene,
 A mortall Man in Armour bricht,
 Sir *Thomas Murray* stout and kene,
 Left to the World thair last gude Nicht.

XXX.

THAIR was not sen King *Keneths* Days
 Sic strange intestine crewel Stryf
 In *Scotland* Sene, as ilk Man says,
 Quhair mony likle lost thair Lyfe;
 Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,
 And mony Childrene fatherless,

Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfes,
 LORD help these Lands, our Wrangs redress.

XXXI.

IN *July*, on Saint *James* his Even,
 That Four and twenty *Assail* Day,
 Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven
 Of Zeirs sen *CHAYB*, the Suth to say;
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the Veritie they know,
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim Battil of the *Harlaw*.



*An BALLAT of the fenziel Frier of Tungland,
How he fell in the Myre feand to Turkland.*

A S zung Auror with Chrystal flail,
In Orient schewd hir Visage pail,
A swenyng Swyth did me assail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;
Methocht a *Turk* of *Tartary*,
Come throw the Bounds of *Barbary*,
And lay forloppin in *Lombardy*,
Full lang in *Watchmans Weid*.

An Account of this Friar, who was an *Italian*, may be seen in Mr. *Lefly's History*. *K. James IV.* made him Abbot of *Tungland*: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from *Striding Castle*; where the King and many Spectators saw him throw himself with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his *Thigh bone*.

II

FRAS baptasing for to eschew,
 Thair a religious Man he flew,
 And cled him in his Habait new,

For he couth wryte and reid,
 Quhen kend was his Dissimulance,
 And all his cursit Governance;
 For Feir he fled, and come in *France*,
 With litill *Lombard Leid*.

III.

To be a Leiche he senyt him thair,
 Quhilk mony nicht rew evirmair,
 For he left nowthir sick nor fair

Unslane, or he hyne zed:
 Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,
 Quhen of his Straik sae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had got quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude Speid.

IV.

In *Scotland* then the narrest Way
 He come, his Cunning till assay;
 To sum Men thair it was nae Play,
 The preiving of his sciens.

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne,
He murdreilt mony in Medecyne,
The Jew was of a grit engyne,
And generit was of Gyans.

V.

In Leich craft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,
Sac mekle he was of Myance.

His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,
Quhair he leit blude, it was nae Lauchter;
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter.
Was in his Gardevyance.

VI.

He couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horse want his Lyfe,
Quha eir assay wald Man or wyfe,
Thair Hipps zied biddy-giddy.

His Practicks neir war put to Preif,
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mefchief;
He had Purgation to mak a Thief
To die without a Widdy.

VII.

UNTO nae Mels eir prest this Prelat,
 For Sound of sacring Bell nor Skellat,
 As Blacksmyth brukit was his Pallat,

For batting at the Study.

Thocht he came hame a new maid Channoun,
 He had dispensit with *Matynis* Cannoun.
 On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,

For smuking of the Smydy.

VIII.

METHOCHT seir Fassonis he assailziet
 To mak the Quintessance, and sailziet;
 And when he saw that nocht availziet,

A Fedrem on he ruke:

And schupe in *Turkie* for to flie,
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All Fowl ferliet quhat he sould be,

That did upon him Luke.

IX.

SUM held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the *Minatour* marvellous,
 And sum the Smyth of *Mars*, *Vulcanus*,
 And sum *Saturnus* Kuke.

And ay the Cufchetes at him tuggie,
The Ruiks him rent, the Ravyna druggie;
The hudit Craws his Hale furth ruggie,
The Hevin he nicht not bruke,

X.

THEN Mytane and Saint *Martyns* Fowl
Wend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They fet upon him with a Zowle,
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.

The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,
Bett him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him sped,
As ferls as Fyre off Rhine

XI.

THE Tarfall gaif him Tug for Tug,
A Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,
The Stork straik ay but Styne.

The Biffart biffy bot Rebuke,
Scho was fae cleverous of her Cluke,
His B——s he nicht nae langer bruke,
Scho held them at a Hynt.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis,
 Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,
 That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis

In Battill him about.

They nybillt him with dinsome Cry,
 The Rerd of them raise to the Sky,
 And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy.

His Lyfe was into Dowe.

XIII.

THE Jae him skrippit with a Skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk,
 The Egill strong at him did stryk,

And rawcht him mony a Rout.

For Feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit.

Beneath him with a Spowt.

XIV.

HE schure his Feddreme that was schene,
 And slippit out of it ful! clene,
 And in a Myre, up to the Ene,

Amang the Glar did glyd.

The Frier of Tungland.

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The Fowls all at the Fedreme dang,
As at a Monster, them amang,
Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang
Intill the Air full wyde.

XV.

And he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae lang he hard a Ravin rair;
The Crows him socht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw besyde.
Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.
walknit with the Noyfs and Schout,
ic hydious Bèir was me about,
ensyne I curst that cankirt Rout,
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod DUNBAR.



TYDINGS frae the Session.

I

A Murelands Man of Uplands Mak,
 At hame thus to his Nychbour spak,
 What Tydings, Gossp, Peice or Weir;
 The tother rounit in his Eir,
 I tell zou this under Confession,
 But laity lichtit aff my Meir,
 I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Session.

II.

QUHAT Tydings hard ze thair, I pray zou?
 The tother answert, I sall say zou,
 Keip this all secret, gentil Brothir,
 Is nae Man thair that trests ane ither:
 A common Doer of Transgression,
 ●f Innocents preveins a Futher:
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

Tydings frae the Session. 99

III.

SUM with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,
That envyouis wald byt aff his Neis;
His Fac him by the Oxter leids;
Sum Patters with his Mouth on Beids,
That has his Mynd all on Oppression;
Sum becks full law, and schaws bair Heids,
Wald luke full heich war not the Session.

IV.

SUM bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;
Sum superexpendit gaes to Bed,
Sum speids, cause he in Court, has Meins,
Sum of Partiality compleins,
How Feid and Favour steims Discretion;
Sum speiks full fair and falsly feins;
Sic Things I hard and saw at Session.

V.

SUM Summonds casts and sum excepts,
Sum stand besyd and skaild Law keppts;
Sum is delayd, sum wins, sum tyoes;
Sum maks him merry at the Wyoes;
Sum is put out of his Possession;
Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VI:

SUM sweirs, and gies clein up with GOD,
 Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,
 Sum in his Tung his Kyndness turses,
 Sum cuts at Throats, and sum pyks Purfes:
 Sum gaes to Gallows with Procession;
 Sum fains the Seit, and sum them curses;
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VII.

RELIGIOUS Men of divers Places,
 Cum thair to wou, and see fair Faces,
 Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordeliers*,
 To Gemer cum, and get mae Friers,
 Unmindful of thair cheist Profession,
 The zunger at the elder leirs;
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VIII.

THAIR cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,
 Of Mynd devote, Luv and Affection;
 And in the Court thair het Flesh dant,
 Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:
 They are sae humble of Intercession,
 Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

Tydings frae the Session.

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IX.

SUM honest Lords adorn the Bench,
Sum mynds nocht but his Wyne and Wench;
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,
In ilka Cause to get a Lesson;
Sum cankert girns, be Party thrawin,
And fleims fair Justice frae the Session,

X.

THE Advocates I may nocht wyte.
Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;
For its thair Craft, and they maun sen,
This has nae Spevie in his Pen,
Nor that a Palsie in Expression;
But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,
Micht very weil gane all the Session.

Quod DUNBAR.

II 2





A

Generall SATYRE.

I.

DEVORIT with Dreim devising in my Slumber
How that this Realm with Nobles out of
Number,

Gydit, provydit sae many Years has bene ;
And now sic Hunger, sic Cowarts and sic Cumber,
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

H.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, sae few to preich and pray ;
Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,
They that sould have ay their GOD afore their Ene
Sae nyce in Array, sae strange to their Abay,
Within this Land was nevir hard or sene.

III.

SAE mony Preists cled up in secular Weid,
With blasing Breists, casting their Glais abreid;

It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid

Within this Land was nevir hard nor sent.

IV.

SAE mony Maisters, sae mony gowekit Clerks,
Sae mony Waiters, to God and all his Warks,

Sic syrie Sparks, dispytful frae the Splene,

Sic losin Sarks, sae mony Glengore Marks,

Within, &c.

V.

SAE mony Lords, sae mony naturale Fules
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,

Nor seis the Doles, that commons did sustene,

New tane frae Schules, sae mony Anis and Mules,

Within, &c.

VI.

SAE meikle Treasson, sae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Cause,

That all the Laws are not set by the Bene,

Sic senzier Flaws, sae mony wastit Waws,

Within, &c.

VII.

Sae mony Theivs and Murderers weil kend,
 Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till deffend,
 Because they spend the Pelf them betwene,
 Sae few till wend this Mischeif till amend,
 Within, &c.

VIII.

THIS to correct, they shore with mony Cracks,
 But small the Effect of Speir to barta Ax,
 Quhen Courage lacks, that suld the Corfs mak keir,
 Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on beggars Baks,
 Within, &c.

IX.

Sic Vant of Woultours, with Heart in sinful Saturs,
 Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae their Natures,
 And sic Regratours, the pure Man to prevenc;
 Sae mony Traytors, sae mony Rubeators,
 Within, &c.

X.

Sae mony Juges, and Lords new made of late,
 Sae small Refuges, the pure Man to debate;
 Sae mony Estate, for common Weil sae quene,
 Owre all the Gate, sae mony Theives sa tair,
 Within, &c.

XI.

SAE mony a Sentane retreitit for to win
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndness of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haist them to the Pin,
Within, &c.

XII.

Sic Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce,
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate *Cowkylbs*, Gryce,
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convent;
Sic Store of Vyce, sae mony Witts unwyse,
Within, &c.

XIII.

SAE mony Merchands, sae mony ar mensworne,
Sic pure Tennands, sic cursing Ein and Morn,
Quhilk flays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;
Sic Skaith and Skorn, sae mony Paitlairs worn,
Within, &c.

XIV.

SAE mony Rachets, sae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, sic Nackets, and sic Tutivilaris,
And sic Ill-willars, to speik of King and Quene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending down frae Millars,
Within, &c.

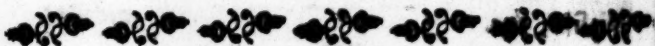
XV.

Sic Fardingails on Flags as far as Quhails,
 Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,
 And sic foul Tails, to sweip the Causy clené,
 The Dust up sails, sae mony-with uck sails
 Within, &c.

XVI.

Sae mony a Kitty, drest up in Golden Chenze,
 Sae few witty, that weil can Fables senze,
 With apil Renze, ay shawand her Golden Chenze;
 Of Sathans Senzie sure sic an unsall Menzie;
 Within this Land was never hard nor sene.

Quod Dunbar.



Wise SAYINGS.

IT that I gife, I haif,

It that I len, I craif,

It that I spend, is myne,

It that I leif, I tyne :

Get and faif, and thou falt haif.

Len and grant, and thou falt want,

Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,

He falt haif Falt in Tyme of Neid

When eir I lend.

I am a Friend,

And when I craif,

I am unkind ;

Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,

I shrew me; gif I maif do fae.

A zung Man Chifane, wittles,

A pure Man Spendar, gettles,

Ane auld Man Trechour, tithless,

A Woman Lowpar, landless ;

Be gude Saint *Giel*,

Sall nevir ane of thit do weil,



THE COMPLAINT.

*An EPISTLE to his Mistress
on the Force of LOVE.*

I.

QUHAIR Love is kendlit comfortless,
Ther is nae Fever half sae fell,

Frae Cupid keist his Dart begets

I had nae Hap to saif my fell,

Lyk as my wofull Heart can tell,

My inwart Pains and Siching fair;

For weil I wat the Pains of Hell

Unto my Pain can necht compair.

II.

For ony Maledy, ze ken,
Except peuir Luvē, or than stark Deid.

Help may be had frae Hands of Men,

Throw Medicioes to mak Remeid :

For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,

The Pottingars will purge the Pains ;

But all the Members are at Feid,

Quhair that the Law of Luvē remains,

III.

As *Tantalus* in Watter stands,

To stanche his thrifty Appetyte,

Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,

The River fleis him in Dispyte ;

Sae does my lusty Lady qwhyte,

She fleis the Place where I repair :

To hungry Men is smal Delyte

To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

IV.

THE nar the Flame, the better Fyre,

The mair I pyne, zet I persew,

The mair enkendlis my Disyre,

Frae I behald her heavenly How ;

Pure *Piramus* himself he flew,
 Made *Saul* and *Body* to disflaver,
 He diet but ones, farwel, adiew,
 I daylie die, and yet dies never.

V.

Yet *Jason* did enjoy *Medea*,
 And *Theseus* gat his *Adriane*,
Dido disflaved was with *Enea*,
 And *Demophoy* his Lady wan;
 Gif Women trowd sic Traytors than,
 For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
 Quhy wald ze slay zour saikles Man,
 Quha never mynds for to remuve.

VI.

Thocht ferls *Achil*, that worthie Knight,
 Was slain for Luve, the Suth to say,
Leander on a stormy Nicht
 Diet sleitand on the Billous gray;
 Thocht *Troyalus* he langourt ay,
 Still waitand for his Laves Return,
 Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
 As daylie does my Body burn.

Complaint to his Mistrefs.

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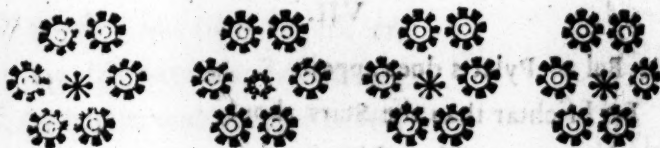
VII.

As Pol to Pylatts does appeir
Far brichtar than the Stars about,
Sae does zour Visage shine as cleir
As Rose amang the raskal Rout;
War *Paris* leivand now, bot Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to serve,
I wate he wald fune wall zou out,
And leif *Venus* and *Minerva*.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her speir,
Gif pleise her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I send it heir,
In Signe of Paper I present it;
Wald God my Body war fornent it,
That I micht serve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or smallest Varlet of her Chammer.

Quod King HENRY STEWART.



CUPID *quareld for his Tyranie.*
Blindnes and Injustice.

I.

QU'OME sould I wyt for my Mischance,
 But *Cupid* King of Variance,
 Thy Court, without Considerance,
 Quhen I it knew,
 Or evir made the Observance,
 Richt fair I rew.

II.

THOU and thy Law ar Instruments
 Of divers Inconveniments;
 Thy Service mony fair repents,
 Knowing the Quarrell,
 Quhen Body, Fame and Substance fhents,
 And Saul in Perel.

III.

QUHAT is thy Manrent but Mischeif,
 Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,
 Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,
 Of Wounds sae wan,
 Displifour, Pain, and hie Repreife
 Of GOD and Man.

IV.

THOU luv's all them that loudest leis,
 And follows fastest them that fleis,
 Thou lichtlies all trew Properties
 Of Lave express,
 And marks quhen neir a Styme thou seis,
 And hits begets.

V.

BLIND Bok! but at the Bound thou shutes,
 And them forbeirs that the rebutes;
 Thou ryves thair Hearts ay frae the Rutes,
 Quilk ar thy awin,
 And cures them that cares not three Cutes
 To be misknawn.

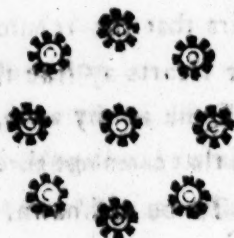
VI.

THOU art in Friendship with thy Face,
 And to thy best Friends fremit ay,
 Thou sleims all faithful Men thee frae,
 Of sledfast Thocht,
 Regarding nane but them per say
 That cures the nocht.

VII.

THOU chirrieis them that with the chyde,
 And bannies them with thee abyde :
 Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds
 That cannot flie ;
 Thay furdur warst in thee confyde,
 I say for me.

Quod ALEX^r. SCOT.





THE

*Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-
Thankless.*

I.

A Ne agit Man twyce Fourty Zeir,
After the haly Days of Zule,
I hard him carp among the Preire,
Of Order gray, makand gyit Dule,
Right as he war a furious Fule;
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace!
Be *Claud* my Care may never cule,
That I servt *evir Mouth-Thankless*.

II.

THROCH Ignorance, and Folly, Zouth,
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir spair,
Plesance to put into that Mouth,
Till Aige said, Fule, let be thy Fare,

I

116 *Auld Mans inveighing.*

And now my Heid is quhyt and liair,
For leiding of that fowmart Face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I servit evir *Mouth-thankless*.

III.

SILVER and Gold that I might get
Beisands, Broches, Robes and Rings,
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
To pleise the Molls attour all Things,
Right as the Swan for Sorrow sings,
Before her Deid a little Space,
Richt sae do I, and my Hands wrings.
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

IV.

BETTER it were a Man to serve,
With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou sould serve,
That will not luke on the in Eild,
Frae that thou has nae Hair to heild
Thy Heid frae harming that it hes,
Quhen Pen and Purse and all ar peild,
Tak then a Meis of *Mouth-thankless*.

Against Mouth-thankless

1171

V.

It may be in Example sene,
The Grund of Truth wha understude,
* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,
Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,
At *Venus* Closet, to conclude,
Call ze not this a cankert Case:

Now GOD help and the haly Rude,
And keip all Men frae *Mouth-Thankless*.

VI.

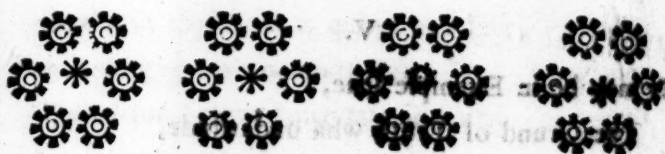
O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,
Amend thy Miss, thy self to saif,
The Blifs abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace.

All this I hard an auld Man raif,
After the Rule, of *Mouth-Thankless*,

Quod KENNEDY.

I 2

* Makes Use of Spectacles.



The *Soutar* descryvit by the
Tailzior.

I.

THou lies Loun, thou leis, thou leis,
Zone are Soutars that thou seis,
Kneiland full lawly on their Kneis,
Their Gods till adorn.
Be Saint *Girnega*, that grim Ghast,
To hale ther Hairshelles on haill,
Of moltin Tauch thay tak a Test
On *Monandays* at Morn.

II.

To hald them halesome at the Heart,
Sum of fat Uke spews a Quart,
Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,
Of foul Soutars Blek,

The Sutar descryvit.

119

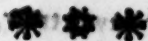
Thus sum sits, and sum sews,
Sum byts the Bir sum Uly spews,
And he Keips ay best his Kews,
Spouts in his Nichbour's Neck.

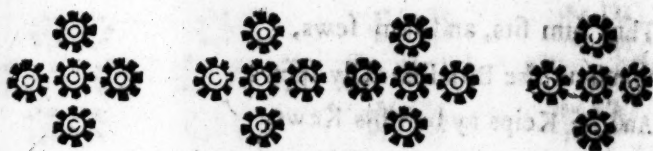
III.

Of Tauch or Uly when they want,
Sir *Girnega* will give a Gant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,
And dr— them Rolet rowth.

Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When cir we saw them we sould cry,
Fy on them, sich! and fy! fy! fy!
They fyle the Wind in throwth.

13





T H E

Soutars Answer to the Tailzior.

I.

FALSE clatterand Kenfy, Kuckold Knaif,
 Blasphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,
 Of me thou sall an Answer haif,
 Fumart cum forth, and face my Flyting,
 Warfe than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
 Thou Sathans Seid ay fet to Evil,
 Mandrag, Memerkyn, mismade Myting,
 I sall the conjure lyk the Devil.

II.

Fy on the Taylzior never trew,
 Frae Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
 Of Stomoks stown baith red and blew,
 A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They followt thee with Cry and Shout,
Hey, bald the Thief that staw the Claith;
Thou wilt be hangt, haif thou nae Doubt,
For mony presumptuous forsworn Aith.

III.

AMANG the Wyves it fall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For lousy Seims that thou hast bitten,
Thy Gumes ar guiltin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strac,
Peild Prick-louse of a Pudding Price,
Breik Boucher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

IV.

THOU zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,
Full mony a Day seikand thy Craft;
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,
Grit Blads and Bitts thou staw full ast;
Quha delt with thee they wer full dast,
For on thy Rack, as all Men kens,
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.

V.

THY Wyfe scho wont a Man she gat
 Of thee, quhen that thou was weil Brankit,
 And scho gat but ane Cur Knakat,
 A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior shankit,
 For Clais that thou mismade and mankit,
 Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born,
 Zet afterwart thou sall be hankit
 Betwixt *Kirkaldy* and *Kingornie*.

Quod STEWART.

BETWIX twa Todds a crawling Cok,
 Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her smok,
 Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
 Betwix twa Tailziors a Lous;
 Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
 Quhilk of this Fours in gritest Danger?

A N S W E R.

FOXES ar fall at crawling Coks,
 Friers are fers at Maids in their smokes,
 Cats ar cautelous in taking Mysse,
 Tailziors ar Tyrrens in killing Lysse.



*A BALLAT made to the Scorn and
Derision of wanton Women.*

I.

ZE lusty Ladyis, luke,
The rackles lyves ze leid,
Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,
To hurt zour Womenheid ;
I red, for best Remeid,
Forbeir all Place prophane,
Gif this be Cause of Feid,
I sall not sayt again.

II.

QUAT is sic Love but Lust,
A lytill for Delyte,
To hant that Game robust,
And beistly Appetyte ;

124 *In Derision of wanton Women.*

I nowther fleich nor flyte,
But Veritie tell plain ;
Tak ye this in Despyte,
I fall not sayt again.

III.
THE wyfeste Scho may lone
Seducit be and schent,
Synne frae the Deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent ;
Ower late is to lament,
Frac Belly dow not lane,

Therfor in Tyme tak tent :
I fall not sayt again.

IV.

LICHT Wenches Luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a *Spanzeolis* Lauchter,
To ***

Be them, list Geir bechaucht hir;
For Conzie ze may caught hir,
To ***

And nevir speir quhais aucht hir ;
I fall not sayt again.

V.

THOCHT bruckle Women hants
In Lust to leid thair Lyvis
And Widdow Men that wants
To steil a Pair of wyvis ;
But quhere that marriest Wyvis
Gaes by thair Husbands Bane,
That Houshold nevir thryvis,
I sayt, and sayt again,

VI.

It sets not Maidens als
To let Men lowse thair Lace,
Nor clym about Mens Hals,
To clap, to kifs, and brace,
Nor round in secret Place ;
Sic Treatment is a Train
To cleave thair Quaver-Cafe,
And breid them Dule and Pain.

VII.

FAREWELL with Chastetic,
Frae Wenchis fall a Chucking,
Thair follows things thre,
To gar them gae a Gucking,

116 *In derision of wanton Women*

Imbracing, Tiggig Plucking ;
Thir soure the Suth to lane,
Enforlis them * * *
I fall not sayt again.

VIII.

SUM lykes new cum to Toun,
With Jeigs to mak them joly,
SUM lykes dans up and down,
To miefs thair Melancholy ;
SUM lykes Sang, troly loly,
And sum of rigging fain ;
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,
With little Cier thair ain.

IX.

SUM Mune-brunt Maidens myls,
At None-tyde of the Night,
Are chapit up with Chyld,
Bot Coal or Candle-light ;

*Enforlis them * * * 'Tis not impossible but a complete
Copy of this old Ballad may be found to supply these few
Blanks.*

In Derision of wanton Women. 127

Sua sum said, Mayds has Slicht
To play, and tak nae Pae,
Synce schift thair sells frae Sight,
I sall not sayt again.

X.

SUM thinks nae Schame to clasp
And kifs in open Ways;
Sum cannot keip her ap
Frae lasing, as scho lyes;
Sum goes sae gymp in Gyse,
Or scho war kised, but plain,
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes thryis again.

XI.

MAIR Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Pettycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkest sonest down,
The fairest but refrain,
The gayest greatest Loun,
But dinna tellt again.

118 *In Derision of wanton Women.*

XII.

THE moir degeft and grave,
The grydiar * * *
The nyceft to reffave
Upon thair * * *
The quhytleft will quhypte,
And nocht thair * * *
The lefs, the larger hippit;
I fhall not fayt again.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be,
A gude Counfale I geife zou,
To fave zour Honeltie,
Frac Sklander to releife zou;
But Ballatts mae to breif zou,
I will not break my Brain,
Suppofe ze fould mifcheive you,
I fall not fayt again.

Quod SCOTT.



**On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of
Death, or a Lament for the Loss of the
Poets.**

I.

OUR Pleasance heir is all vain Glory,
This World false but transatory;

The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is lie,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary,

Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,

Now danfand merry, now lyk to die,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

No State in all the Eard stands sicker,

But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker,

Sae wanes this Wardly Vanity,

Timor mortis, &c.

130 *Lament for the Loss of the Poets.*

IV.

DOWN to the Death gois all Estates.

Princes, Prelates and Potentates,

Baith rich and pure of all Degree,

Timor, &c.

V.

HE takes the Knights into the Field,

Enarmed under Helm and Sheild,

He Victor is at all mellie,

Timor, &c.

VI.

THAT strang invynsable Tyrrand

Taks, on the Muthers Breist suckand,

The Babe, full of Benignitie

Timor, &c.

VII.

HE taks the Campion in the Stour,

The Captain closd within the Towir,

The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,

Timor, &c.

Lament for the Loss of the Poets. 131

VIII.

HE spares no Lord for his Pusiance,
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;
His awfull Strake may no Man see,
Timor, &c.

IX.

ART Magicians and Astrologers,
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs,
Get Help frae nae Conclusions see,
Timor, &c.

X.

IN Medecyne the most Practitioners,
Leiches, Surrigians and Phefitians,
Themselves frae Death may not supplie,
Timor, &c.

XI.

I see the Makkars, mang the laif,
Plays here thair Padzians, syne goes to Graif;
Not spairt is thair sweet Facultiv,
Timor, &c.

XII.

132 *Lament for the Loss of the Poets.*

XII.

He has done petoussly devore,
The nobil * *Chawser* of *Makkars Flowir*,
The *Monk of Berry* and *Gower* all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

THE gude *Sr Hew of Eglintoun*,
Etrick, Heriot and *Winton*,
He has tane out of this Countrey,
Timor, &c.

XIV.

THAT *Scorpion* fell has done insek,
Maister John Clerk and *James Affleck*,
Frae Ballat making and *Tragedy*,
Timor, &c.

* 'Tis worthy of Notice how generously Mr. Dun
pays his Respects to the Memory of the renowned *Chaw*
Gower and *Lidgate*, before he names his own Country Poet

Lament for the Loss of the Poets. 133

XV.

*Holand and Barber he has bereft,
Allace ! that he not with us left
Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.*

XVI.

*CLERK of Tenant eik he has tane,
That made the Aventers of Sir Gawane,
Sir Gilbert Gray endit has he,
Timor, &c.*

XVII.

*He has Blind Hary and Sandy Trail
lain with his Shot of mortall Hail,
Quhilk Patrick Johnson nicht not fle,
Timor, &c.*

XVIII.

*He has rest Mersar his Indyte,
that did in Luv: so lyflie wryte,
so schort, so quick, of Sentens hie,
Timor, &c.*

134 *Lament for the Loss of the Rocks.*

XIX.

HE has tane Rowl of *Aberdene*,
And gentle Rowl of *Carthophynes*,
Twa bettir Follows did no Man sic,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

IN *Dumfermling* he has tane *Brown*,
With gude *Mr. Robert Harryson*,
Sr *John the Ross* imbraist has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

AND he has now tane, last of aw,
The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,
Of quhome all *Wichts* has grit *Pitie*,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

AND *Mr. Walter Kennedy*
In Poynt of Death lyes wercly ;
Grit Rewth it wer that so sould be,
Timor, &c.

POSTSCRIPT. 135

XXIII.

When he has all my Brethren-tant,
 He will not let me live alone;
 For I maun his next Prey be,
 Timor, &c.

XXIV.

For the Death Remedy is none,
 It is that we for Death dispone;
 For our Death, that live may we,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

Utter I forsic, if Spae-craft had,
 Frae Hethir-Muirs fall ryle a LAD,
 For twa Centries past, fast be
 Receive our Fame and memorie.

XXVI.

THEN fall we flourish **EVIR GREENE**;
 All Thanks to carefull *Bannantyne*,
 And to the * **PATRON** kind and frie,
 Quha lends the **LAD** baith them and me.

XXVII.

FAR fall we fare, baith **Eist** and **West**,
 Owre ilka **Clyme** by **Scots** possess;
 Then sen our **Warks** fall nevir die,
Timor mortis non turbat me.

Quod DUNBAR.

* *Patron*, Mr. William Carmichael, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. George Bannantyne Anno 1568, from whence these Poems are printed.





The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.

I.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a Man,
 An Husband, as I heard it tawld,
 Quha weil coud tippie out a Can,
 And nowther lavit Hungir nor Cauld,
 Till anes it fell upon a Day,
 He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
 But schort the Storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

II.

He lowfd the Plewch at the Lands End,
 And draife his Owfen hame at Ene;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
 et beikand by a Fyre full hauld,
 Suppand sat Sowp, as I heard say:
 The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
 etwein thir twa it was nae Play.

138 *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

III.

QUOD he, quhair is my Horses Corn,
My Owsen has nae Hay nor Strae,
Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,
I sall be Hussy gif I may.

This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze sit warm, nae Troubles se;
The Morn ze sall gae with the Lad,
And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

IV.

GUDEMAN, quod scho, content am I,
To tak the Plewch my Day about,
Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,
And all the House baith in and out:
And now sen ze haif made the Law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They sicker raid that neir did saw,
Therefore let naithing be neglect.

V.

BUT sen ye will Hussy stop ken,
First ye maun sit and syne sall kneel;
And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 139

And lay a fast Wyfp to the Kiln,

We haif a dear Farm on our Heid;

And ay as ze gang forth and in,

Keip weil the Gaidings frae the Gled.

VI.

THE wyfe was up richt late at Ene,

I pray Luck gife her ill-to fair,

Scho kirk'd the Kirn, and skamt it clene,

Lest the Gudeman but bledoch bair:

Then in the Morning up scho gat;

And on hir Heart laid hir Disjune,

And pat as mekle in hir Lap,

As nicht haif ferd them baith at Nune,

VII.

SAYS, *Jok*, be thou Maister of Wark,

And thou fall had, and I fall ha,

If promise thee a guid new Sark,

Either of round Claith or of sma.

Scho lowft the Outen aught or nyne,

And hynt a Gad fluff in her Hand:

Up the Gudeman roife aftir fyne,

And saw the Wyfe had done Command.

140 *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

VIII.

He draif the Gaislings forth to feid,
Thair was but sevenfunt of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he ran in all his Mane,
How fure he hard the Gaislings cry;
But than or he came in again,
The Kaves brak louse and suckt the Ky.

IX.

THE Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
The Man ran with a Rung to red,
Than by came an illwilly Roan,
And brodit his Buttroks till they bled:
Syne up he take a Rok of Tow,
And he sat down to sey the Spinnings;
He loutit down our neir the Low,
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

X.

THE Leam up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute take Fyre it fyled him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I wat he was a dirty Man;

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 141

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,

Quherwith he slokend out the Fyre :

To soup the House he syne began,

To had all richt was his Desyre.

XI.

HYND to the Kirn then did he stoure,

And jumblit at it till he swat,

Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,

The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat ;

Albeit nae Butter he could get,

Zit he was cummert with the *Kirn*,

And syne he het the Milk sae het,

That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

THEN ben thair cam a greidy Sow,

I trow he cund hir little Thank :

For in scho shot hir mekle Mow,

And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.

He tuke the Kirnstaff be the Schank,

And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,

The twa left Gaislings gat a Clank,

That Straik dang baith thair Hains out.

XIII.

THEN he bure Kendling to the Kill,

But scho start all up in a Low,

Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,

That Day he had nae Will to **

Then he zied to take up the Bairns,

Thocht to have fund them fair and clene;

The first that he gat in his Arms,

Was a bedirtin to the Ene.

XIV.

THE first it smellt sae sappylic,

To touch the lave he did not grein:

The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,

That cramd zour Kytes sae strute zeffrein,

He traild the foul Sheits down the Gate,

Thocht to haif wast them on a Stane,

The Burn was risen grit of Spait,

Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-held,

On hir to cry, on hir to schout;

Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,

But stoutly steird the Stots about.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 143

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,

Scho lowft the Plewch, and fyne came hame;

Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt,

I erow the Man thocht mekle Schame,

XVI.

Quoth he, my Office I forfak,

For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;

Eor I wald put a Houfe to Wrak,

Had I been twenty Days Gudewyfe.

Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,

For truly I fal neir accept it;

Quoth he, Eeynd in the Lyars Face,

But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

Then up scho gat a mekle Rung;

And the Gudeman made to the Dore,

Quoth he, Dame, I fal hald my Tung,

For and we fecht I'll get the war:

Quoth he, when I forfuke my Plewch,

I erow I but forfuke my Skill;

Then I will to my Plewch again;

For I and this Houfe will nevir do weil.

Quod MOFFAT.



*The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Land-
wart Mous.*

I.

E As ope relates a Tale weil worth Renown,
Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sisters deir,
Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowstoun,
The Zunger scho wond upon Land weil neir,
Richt solitair beneth the Buss and Breir,
Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,
As Outlaws do, scho maid an easy Fen.

II.

THE Rural Mous, unto the Winter tyde,
Thold Cauld and hunger aft, and grit Distress:
The uther Mous that is the Burgh can byde,
Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,
And Friedom had to gae quhair eir scho list,
Among the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kist.

III.

ANE Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fair,
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sister up on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weilsair and her Cheir,
And se quhat Lyf Scho led under the Wand.
Bare-fute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun
To seik her Sister, baith in Dale and Doun.

VI.

THROW mony wilsum Ways then couth scho walk,
Throw Mure and Mols throwout Bank, Busk and
Breir,
Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,
Cum furth to me, my awin sweir Sister deir,
Cry, peip anes,—with that the Mous couth heir
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,
Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.

V.

THAIR hearty Cheir was plesand to be sene,
Quhen thir twa Sisters kind with Blythness met,
Quhilk aften Syfs was shawin them twa betweein;
For Quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they grat,
Quhyls sweetly kist, and quhyls in Arms they plet:

And thus they fure, till Tobirt was thair Meid,
 Syne Fure for Fure they to thair Chalmer zid.

VI.

As I hard say, it was a semple Wane
 Of Fog and Fern, full secklessly was maid,
 A silly Sheil, under a Eard-fast Stane,
 Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;
 Into the same they went bot mair abaid,
 Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,
 For commonly sic Pykers lues not Licht.

VII.

QUHEN thus wer lugit thir twa silly Myce,
 The zungest Sister to her Butrie hyed,
 And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spyce,
 And sic plain Cheir as scho had her besyde;
 The Burges Mous sae dynt and full of Pryde,
 Sayd, Sister myne, Is this zour daylie Fude;
 Quhy not, Quod scho, think ze this Mels not gude;

VIII.

NA, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;
 Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame:
 My Moder said, aftir that we wer born,
 That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;
 I keip the richt auld Custom of my Dame

And of my Syre,—livand in Povertie,
For Lands and Rents nane is our Propertie.

IX.

My Sister fair, quod scho, haif me excusht,
This Dyet rude and I can neir accord;
With tender Meit my Stomock still is uist,
For quhy, I fair as weil as ony Lord.
Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,
Will brek my Chafas, and mak my Teith full
 sklender,
Quhilk has bein uist before to Meit mair tender.

X.

WEIL Sister, weil then, quoth the rural Mons,
Gif that ze pleis sic Things as ze se heir,
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbouray and Hous,
Sall be zour awin, will ze remain all Zeir.
Ze fall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir
And that sould mak the Messes that ar rude,
Still amang Friends richt tender, sweet and gude.

L

XI.

QUHAT Plesans is in Feists mair dilicate,
 The quhilk ar given with a gloumand Brow ;
 A gentle Heart is better recreate
 With Usage blyth, than seith to him a Cow ;
 Anc *Modicum* is better, zeill allow,
 Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Dess,
 Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Mess.

XII.

FOR all this moral Doctrine, ticht and soun,
 The Burges Mous had little Will to sing,
 But hevely scho kest her Visage down,
 For all the Daintys scho couth till her bring ;
 Zit at the last scho said, half in hie thing,
 Sister this Vittell and zour Royal Feist
 May weil suffice for sic a rural Beist.

XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,
 I sall zou schaw, by gude Experience,
 That my *Gude-Frydays* better than zour *Pase*,
 And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expence ;
 Houses I haif enow of grit Defence,
 Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid :
 This said,--that was convinced,--and furth they zeid

XIV.

In skugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,
And Wonder sie full prively they creip:
The eldest was the Gyde, and went befoir,
The zunger to her Futesteps tuke gude keip:
On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did sleip,
Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock sang,
They fand the Toun, and blythly in couth gang.

XV.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,
This Burges brocht them sune quhair they sould be
Without God-speid,—thair Herboury was tane
Intill a Spence, wher Vittel was Plenty,
Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,
With Fish and Flesh enough baith fresh and salt,
And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie Meil and Malt.

XVI.

WHEN afterwart they wer disposd to dyne,
Withouten Grace they wish and went to meit,
In every Dish that Cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and Beif cut out in Talzies grit,
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,
Except ane Thing,—they drank the Watter cleir
Speid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir.

XVII.

WITH blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,
 The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,
 Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance
 Betwixt that Chalmer and her sary Nest;
 Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this last?
 For evermair I wate, and langer to;
 Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho.

XVIII.

To eik the Cheir, in Pleasy furth scho brocht
 A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,
 A threse of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
 Abundantlie about her did scho deill;
 Furrage full syne scho brocht insleid of Geil,
 A Candle quhyt out of a Coffer staw,
 Insleid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

XIX.

THUS made they mirry, quhyle they nicht nae mair,
 And hail *Zule!* hail! they all cryt up on hie:
 But after Joy ther astertymes comes Cair,
 And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:
 Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,
 The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand,
 Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

and the Landwart Mous. 151

XX.

THEY tarriet not to wath, ze may suppose,
But aff they ran, quha nicht the formost win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gaes,
Her Sister had nae Place to hyde her in,
To se that silly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,
For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid,

XXI.

BUT as *Jove* wald, it fell a happy Case,
The Spensar had nae Laifar lang to byde
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar nor Chese,
But on he went, and kest the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then this Pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on hie,
How! Sister fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,
And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heart strak mony a waefull Stound,
As in a Fever trymblyt scho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sister in sic Plicht her fand,
For very Pitie scho began to greit;
Synce Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweit.

152 *The Borrowstoun Mous.*

XXIII.

QUHY ly ze thus ? Ryse up my Sister deir,
 Cum to zour Meir, this Perell is owre-past ;
 The uther answert, with a hevy Cheir,
 I may nocht eit, sac fair I am agast :
 I lever had this fourtie lang Days fast,
 With Watter Kail, and gnaw Dry Beins and Peis,
 Then haif zour Feist with this Dreid and Wancise.

XXIV.

WITH Tretie fair, at last, scho gart her ryse,
 To Burde they went, and down togither fat ;
 But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,
 Quhen in came Hunter *Gib*, the joly Cat,
 And bad God-speid.—The Burges up scho gat,
 And till her Hole scho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint ;
 But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

XXV.

FRAE Fute to Fute he kest her to and frae,
 Quhyls up, -quhyls down, als tait as ony Kid ;
 Quhyls wald he let her ryn beneth the Strae,
 Quhyls wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid
 Thus to the silly Mous grit Harm he did ;
 Till at the last, throw fair Fortune and Hap,
 Betwixt the Dressour and the Wall scho crap.

XXVI.

SYNE up in haste behind the Pannaling,
Sae hie scho clam, that *Gibby* might not get her,
And be the Cluks sae craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.
Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.

Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,
Sister fairweil, heir I thy Feist desy.

XXVII.

WER I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,
For Weil nor Wae I sould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can' gae,
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre
the Plain,

Quhea scho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain,
And merrylic she linkit owre the Mure,
Needles to tell how afterwart scho fure.

XXVIII.

BUT this in schort she reikt her eisy Den,
As Warm as on suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and Quheit
Whē eir scho lykt scho had enough of Meit,

In Eise and Quiet, without Start and Dreid,
But till her Sister's Feist nae mair she zeid.



The MORALITIE.

XXIX.

HEra ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak Heid
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,
As Fitches minglit are with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adversitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,
Withoutten Trouble and aft grit Venation,
And namelle thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small possession,

XXX.

BLISS IT be symple Lyfe, withoutten Dreid,
Blissit be sober Feist in Quietie;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Reid,
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,

Aboundance grit and blind prosperitie
Makis aften tymes a very ill Conclusion :

The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickerness and Peace with small possession.

XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to seid

Thy Wame, and makis it maist thy God to be,
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid ;

For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ec,

Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryelty,

With dreidfull Haire, and endless Tribulation.

Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,
It is a merry Mynd and small Possession.

XXXII.

FREIND, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,

Will warm the weil, and is worth Gold to thee ;

And Salamon the Sage, says (gif ze reid)

Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,

Then ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.

Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,

Of Eardly Bliss it beirs the best Degree,

Blythness of Haire in Peace with small Possession.

Quod Mr. R. HENRYSON.



ADVICE to his young KING.

I.

PRECELAND Prince, haiffing prerogatyve,
 Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,
 I thee befeik againſt thy Luſt to ſtryve,
 And lue thy GOD aboif all uther thing,
 And him implere now in thy Zeirs zing
 To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
 Quhilk he has given to thee in governing
 In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II.

AND ſen thou ſtands in ſic a tender Age,
 That Nature zit to thee Wiſdome denys;
 Therefore ſubmit unto thy Council ſage,
 And in all Manner work as they devyſe:

Advice to his zounge King. 157

But ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyse,
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend,
Be liberal ay, then fall thy Fame upryse,
And win thee Honour to thy Lyfes End.

III.

GIF that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts,
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay ;
For then thy Hecht and thy diliverance fechts,
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biden away ;
He awis me nocht that schortly says me nay ;
But he that hechts, and causes me attend,
Synce gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.

BETTER is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horse thou may support ;
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort ;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give sic Gudes as Gōd dois send,
Then may they mend within a Season schort,
And win the Honnour to thy Lyfes End.

V.

GIVE every Man afir his Faculty,
 And with Difcretion fill difpone thy Geir:
 Give not to Fules, and cunning Men ower flie,
 Tho' Fules fuld roun and flattir in thine Eir,
 Give not to them that dois thy Saw's sweir,
 Give to them that are true and constant kend;
 Then ower all quhair thy Fame they fall forth beir
 And win the Honnour to thy Lyves laft End.

VI.

SEN thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,
 Given by GOD unto thy Governance,
 Luke that thou rule the Rute originall,
 That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Grivance
 For quha cannot himfelf gyde and advance?
 Quhy fuld a Provence upon him depend,
 To gyde himfelf that has nae Purveance,
 With Peice and Honnour to his Lyves laft End?

VII.

DREID GOD, do Council, of thy Leiges leil
 Reward gude Deid punifh all Wrang and Vyce,
 Thoch that thy Saw be ficker as thy Seil,
 Flame Frawd and be Deffender of Juftice.

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice,
Obey the Kirk; gif thou does miss, amend,
Sae Sall thou win a Place in Paradyce,
And mak on Eard an honourable End.

Quod HEN. STEWART.



O N

CONSCIENS.

I.

QUHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, asir our LORDS Ascens
They Justice taucht bot Bud or Favour carnal,
And caust be punisht fleshy vyl Offens,
Gave Benifice to Clerks of *CONSCIENS*,
And sae the Freynd had sic Envy thereon.
Away he part frae *Consciens* scrape the Con,
And then behind was only left *Sciens*.

II.

THEN were all Clerks of *Sciens* fune promovit,

And them that wald to Study maist apply:

But zit the Feynd at *Sciens* was comovit,

And gart frae *Sciens* scrape away the *Sci*.

Sae only *Ens* was left by his slie Envy

Quhilk ay suld be for Gold and Geir expont,
Quhairby Benefices are now dispont.

But *Consciens* or *Sciens* to sell and buy.

III.

O Sovraign LORD, and maist excellent King,

Gar put the *Con* and *Sci* again to *Ens*,

And rule thy Realm with Justice in thy Ring;

Give Benifice to Clerks of *Consciens*,

With Truth and Honour to stand thy Defens:

Sae in thy Court that *Consciens* be clene,

For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene,

Against Justice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.



On the CREATION, and
PARADYCE lost.

I.

GOD by his Word his Wark began,
To form this Eard and Hevin for Man,
The Sie and Watter deip;

The Sun, and Mune and Stars sae bricht,

The Day devydit from the Nicht,

Thair Courses just to keip;

The Beists that on the Grund do muve,

And Fishes in the Sie;

Bowls in the Air to flie abuve,

Of ilk kind formed He:

Sum creiping, sum fleiting,

Sum fleing in the Air,

Sae heichly, sae lichtly

In muving heir and thair.

II.

THIR Works of gret Magnificence,
Presyut by His Providence,

According to His Will:

Nixt He made Man; To gife him Glorie,
Did with His Image him decore,

Gaif Paradyse him till;

Into that Garden hevinly wrocht,

With Pleasures mony a one,

The Beists of every Kynd wer brocht,

Thair Names he suld expone;

These kenning and nameing,

As them he list to call,

For eising and pleising

Of Man, subdued them all.

III.

IN heavenly Joy Man see posselt,

To be alane God thocht not best,

Made **Eve** to be his Maik;

Bad them increas and multiplic,

And of the Fruit frae every Tree

Thair Pleasure they suld take,

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill

That in the Midst dois stand,

Forbad that they suld cum thertill,

Or twitch it with thair Hand;

Lest loking and plucking,

Baith they and all thair Seid,

Seveirly; awsteirly,

Suld die without Remeid.

IV.

Now Adam and his lusty Wife

In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,

With Pleasures infincit;

Wanting nae thing suld do them Ease,

The Beists obeying them to please,

As they could wish in Spreit:

Behald the Serpent sullenlie

Envyand Mans Estate,

With wicket Craft and Subtiltie

Eve temptit with Desait;

Nocht seiring, but speiring.

Quhy scho tuke not her till,

In using and chusing

The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

V.

COMMANDIT us, scho said, the LORD,

Noways therto we suld accord,

Undir eternall Pain ;

But grantit us full Libertie

To eit the Fruit of every Tree,

Except that Tree in Plain.

No, no, nocht sae, the Serpent said,

Thou art defaifet therin ;

Eit ze therof, ze sall be made

In Knowledge Jyke to him,

In seiming and deiming

Of every thing ariicht,

As dewlic, as trewly,

As ze wer Gods of Micht.

VI.

EVE thus with these fals Words allurit,

Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit

Adam the same to play:

Behald, said scho, how precious,

Sae dilicate and delicious,

Befyde Knowlege for ay:

Adam puft up in worldly Gloré,

Ambition and high Pryd,

Bit of the Fruit ; allace theifore,

And fæe they baith did fflyd ;

Neglecting, forzetting

The eternall Gods command,

Quha fcurged and purged

Them quyt out of that Land.

VII.

WHEN they had citen of that Fruit,

Of Joy then war they deftitute,

And faw thair Bodys bare ;

Whan they paff with all thair Speid,

Of Leives to mak themselves a Weid,

To cleith them, was thair Care :

During the Tyme of Innocence,

Næe Sin or Schame they knew,

In the Tyme they gat Experience,

Unto ane Bus they drew,

Abyding and hyding,

As GOD fould not them fee,

Quha fpyed, and cryed,

Adam, quhy hyds thou thee?

VIII.

I being naikit, LORD, throu Feir,

For Schame I durst not to compeir,

And sae I did refuse :

Had thou not eiten of the Tree,

That Knowledge had not been in thee,

Nor zit nae sic Excuse ;

The Helper, LORD, thou gaife to me,

Has cawfit me to transgress,

Sayd scho, the Serpent Subtillie,

Persuadit me nae less,

Intreiting, be eiting,

That we suld be persyte,

Me sylit, begyllt :

In him lyes all the Wyte.

IX.

Jehove that evir juged richt,

Bringing his Justice to the Licht,

The Serpent first did jugs :

Because the Woman thou begyllt,

For evir thou sall be exylt,

Said he, without Refuge ;

Betwixt her Seid and thy Offspring
Nae Peace nor Rest fall be,
And hir Seid fall thy Heid down thring,
For all thy Subtiltie;
Abhorred, deformed,
Thou on thy Breist fall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy Lyfe the Beists amang.

X.

THE Woman nixt, for her Offence,
Did of the LORD receive Sentence,
Her Sorrow suld encrease,
With Wae and Pain her Childrene beir,
Subdewt to Man, under his Feir,
No Libertie possess:
For *Adams* Falt he cursd the Erth,
That barrane it suld be,
Without Labour suld yield nae Birth
Of Corns, nor Herb, nor Tree;
Bot working and irking
For evir suld remain,
And being in deing,
In Erth returnt again.

XI.

O cruel Serpent venomous,

Dispytfull and seditious,

The Grund of all our Care;

Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devil,

Thou first Inventar of this Evil

Of Blifs, quhilk made us bare;

O devlish Slave, did thou believe,

Or hou had thou sic Grace,

Therby for evir thou might live

Above into that Place :

Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,

And sae God lute the scy,

Defavers no Cravers

Of His Reward suld be.

XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent

That harkent to that fals Serpent,

Thy Bains we may fair ban ;

Without Excuse thou art to blame,

Thou justly has obtaint that Name,

The very *We of Man* :

With Teirs we may bewail and greit

That wickit Tyme and Tyde,

Quhen *Adam* was obligit to sleip,

And thou tane off his Syde.

No Sleiping bot Weiping

Thy Seid hes fund sensyne,

Thy Eiting and Sweiting,

Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excuse,

With Knowlege thou that did abuse

Thyne awn Felicitie.

The Serpent his inventing fals.

The Womans sune consenting als;

Was nocht sae wicketly.

God did prefer the to this Day,

Aud them subdewt to thee,

Sae all that they culd mein or say,

Suld not have moved thee

To brecking, abjecting

That hie Command of Lyfe

Quhilk gydid, provydit

The ay to live bot Stryf.

XIV.

BEHALD the State that Man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw Sin,
 And lost the same for ay;
 Zet GOD his promise dois perform,
 Sent his Son of the Virgin born,
 Our Ransome deir to pay.
 To that great GOD let us give Glore,
 To us has bein sae gude,
 Quha be his Grace did us restore,
 Quherof we were denude;
 Not caring nor sparing
 His Body to be rent,
 Redeiming, releiving
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

Quod Sir RICHD. MAITLAND
 of Leithingtoun, Knt.





*The Devils Advice to all and sundry
of his best Friends.*

I.

THIS Nicht in Sleip I was agast,
Methocht the Deil was tempand fast
People with Aiths of Crueltie,
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,
Renunce zour GOD, and cum to me.

II.

METHOCHT as he went forth the Way,
A preist sweirt braid be GOD verry,
Quhilk at the Alter restavit he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

THEN swore a Courtier of grit Pryd,
Be Chrysts Woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;
Then spak the Deil hard him besyd,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IV.

A Merchant as he Geir did sell,
Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell :

The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,
Thou fall be Merchand for my sell,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

V.

A Goldsmith said, This Goldis sae tyne,
That all the Warkmanship I tyne,

The Feind ressaife me, gif I Lie.
Think on, quod *Nik*, that thou art myne;
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VI.

A Tailzor said, In all this Town,
Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,

I gife me to the Feynd all fric;
Gramercy Tailzeor, said *Maboun*,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VII.

A Soutar said, In gude Effeck,
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,

Gif better Butes of Lether be.
Fy, quoth the Deil, thou sawrs of Blek,
Gae clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

A Baxter said, I quat with God,
And all his Works baith even and od,
Gif syner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IX.

THE *Fleishour* swore be Sacrament,
And be the Blude maist innocent,
Neir fattir Fleish Man saw with Ec.
The Deil said, Hald on thy Intent,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

X.

THE *Maltman* says, I Blifs forsake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.

A *Brousser* swore the Malt was ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,
It will be nae Ale worth a Flie:
A Boll will not sax Gallons fill:
Makcun cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII.

THE Smith he swore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,

Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip :

Quod *Nic*, Thoull get far les with me.

XIII.

A Minstrel said, the Feynd me ryve,
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve.

The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,

And thouill be sure to cum to me,

XIV.

A Dycer bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;

But he kest up fair Syces three:

The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyfe,

Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

XV.

A Theif said, Ill that eir I chaip,
Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,

But I in Hell for Geir wald be.

The Deil said, Welcome in a Raip,

Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI.

THE Fish-Wyves flet, and swore with Granes,
And to *Auld-nick* sault *Flesh* and *Banes*,
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

XVII.

METHOCHT the Deils as black as *Pik*,
Solifand were as *Beis* thick,
Ay tempand Folk with Ways sic,
Rounand to *Robin* and to *Dick*,
Renounce zour Creid, and cum to me.

Quod DUNBAR.





T H E

Claith - Merchant.

*Or a Ballat made on Jonet Reid, Jean
Violet and Anna Whyt, being slicht
Women, and Taverners.*

I.

OF Collours cleir,
 Quha lykes to weir,
 Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
 Grene, Zellow, Blew,
 And ilka Hew,
 Baith *Paris* Black, and *Inglis* Broun;
 Braw *London* Sky,
 Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
 And *Dunde* Gray
 This mony a Day
 Is lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II.

BUT stanch my Fyking,

And stryd my Lyking,

Are scimly Hews for Simmer Play;

Din dipt in Zellow

For ilka gude fallow,

As *Will* of *Quhyt-hauch* bad me say;

I will not deny it

To them that will buy it,

For Silver nane sall be said nay;

Ze neid not plenze,

It will not stenzie.

Suppose ye weit it Nicht and Day.

III.

AND I have *Quhyt*

Of great Delýt,

And *Violet* quha lykes to weir,

Weil wearand *Reid*

Till ze be dead;

It sall not failzie, tak ze no *Feir*.

The *Quhyt* is gude,

And richt weil lued,

178 *The Claithe-Merchant.*

But zit the *Reid* is twice as deir :

The *Violet* syne,

Baith fresh and syne,

Sall serve ye Holsing for a Zeir,

IV.

THE *Quhyt* is teuch,

And fresh enouch.

Saft as the Silk, as all Men seie.

The *Reid* is bonny

And socht be mony;

They hyve about the House lyke Beis.

My *Violet* saft,

Quhen ye have coft,

Will ply lyk Satin to zour Thie,

Sure be my witting

Not burnt in the Litting,

Suppose baith Lads and Limmers seie.

V.

Of thir thrie Hews.

I haif left Clews,

To be our Court-Men Winter Weid,

We'll twynt and smal,

The best of them all

May weir the Claithe for Woul and Threid;

But in the Wawk-mill,
The Wedder is ill;
These are not drying Days indeed;
And gif it be war,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abraid.

VI.

Zit its weil wawkit,
Cardit and cawkit,
As warm a Weid as weir the Dule,
Weil wrocht in Luima,
With Wobblers Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and shorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour sell the greater Fult,
Zit bony forsuith,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments against Zule.

VII.

THIR mixt together,
Zour sell may consider,

Quhat syner Colour can there be fund,
 And namely for Breiks,
 Gif ony Man seiks,
 Heill purchace the Pair ay for a Pund:
 Abeit it be skant,
 Nae Wowars fall want,
 That to my bidding will be bund,
 Weil may they bruik it,
 They neid not luke it,
 But grape it Mirklyns be the Grund.

VIII.

OUR Court Men heir,
 Has made my Claith deir,
 Raids it Twall pence of ilka Ell,
 Zit is my Claith sure,
 Best Saddles to cure,
 Suppose the hale Session should ryd themsel.
 The *Violet* certain,
 Was maid at *Dumbartain*;
 The *Reid* was wawkit at *Dunkill*:
 The *Quhyt* has bein dicht
 In mony mirk Nicht,
 But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX.

Now gif ye work wyll,
And shape it precyſlie;
The Ellwand * * *
Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And ſae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang Liſt,
It wald be ſewd faſt,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum ſpeid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

And tho' it be auld,
And Twenty Tymes ſald,
It will the Freprie ot mak ze ſain,
With Oyls to renew it,
And mak it weil bewt,
And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;

Syne with the fleik Stains,
 That servis for the Neins,
 They raise the Pyle quhen it falls plain:
 With mony braid Aith,
 We sell this fame Claith,
 To gar the Buyers cum fast again.

XI.

Now is my Wob wrocht,
 And arlet and bocht,
 Cum lay the Payment to my Hand;
 And gif my Claith felzie,
 Zeis not pay a Melzie,
 The Wob fall be at zour Command.
 The Market is thrang,
 And will not last lang;
 They buy fast in the Border Land;
 Abeit I haif Tinsel;
 Zit maun I tak Handfell,
 To pay my Buith-Mail and my Stand.

XII.

My Claith wald be lude,

Be great Men of gude,

Gif Lads and Lowns wald let me be,

Zit maun I excule them;

How can I refuse them,

Ben all Mens Penny maks him frie-

The best and Gay ot,

My self tuke a Say ot,

A Wylie-coat I will nocht lie,

Quhilk did me nae harm,

But held my coft warm,

A symple Merchant ye may see.

XIII.

This far to relive me,

That nane may reprove me,

In Jedburgh at the Justiceair,

This Sang of thrie Lasses

Was made abune Glasses

That Tyme that they wer Tapsters thair.

The first was a Quhyt,

A Lass of Delyte;

184 On K. James V. his *Mistresses*.

The *Violet* was baith gude and fair:

Keip *Reid* frae all *Skaith*.

Scho is wordie them baith;

Sae to be short I say nae mair.

Quod SAMPL.



On King JAMES V. his three
Mistresses.

S Aw not thy Seid on *Sandylands*,

Spend not thy Strength on *Weir*,

And ryd not on the *Olipbant*

For hurting of thy Geir,





THE LYON and the MOUS.

I.

IN Midst of *June*, that jolly Season sweet,
 When *Phebus* fair, with his warm Beams sac
 bricht

Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,
 And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,
 In a gay Morn, betwixt Mid-day and Nicht,
 I raise and put all Slouth and Sleip on Syde,
 And went alone untill a Forrest wyde.

II.

SWEIT was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reld,
 The Noyse of Birds was maist melodious,
 The bobing Bews bluimd braid abune my Heid,
 The Ground growand with Grass maist verderous,
 Of all Pleisance that Place was plenteous,
 With sweet Odour and Birds saft Hermonic,
 The Morning myld increasd the Mirth and Glee.

III.

THE Roses reid arrayt the Rone and Ryfs,
 The Primrose and the Purpure Viola;
 To heit it was a Poynt of Paradyce,
 Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth mae;
 The Blofoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,
 The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-midrell Cry,
 Contending quha fould haif the Victory.

IV.

ME to conserve frae the Suns birning Heit,
 Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,
 I laint me doun amangs the Flowirs sweet,
 Syn made a Crofs and closed baith myne Een;
 On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,
 And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw
 The fairest Man that eir before I saw.

V.

HIS Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,
 His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun,
 His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk
 In hekle Ways, untill his Girdle doun;
 Of the auld Fassoun was his Bonnat roun,
 His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,
 With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,
A Swans quhyt Pen sicken and beneath his Eir,
Ane Inkhorn with a Pretty gilt Pennair,
A Bag of Silk, all at his Best he weir;
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,
To quher I say he came with sturdy Pace.

VII.

AND sayd, God-speld, my Son, and I was fain
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;
With Reverence I saluted him again,
Welcome Fader, and he sat down by me;
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho' I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Quhat brings ze hier, and quher ze dwell at hame,

VIII.

My Son he sayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is *Rome*, withouten nay,
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,
And studyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;
Esop I hecht my Wrying and my Wark,
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark,

IX.

O Maister *Esops*, Poet and Laureat,

God wate ze are full deir Welcome to me;

Are ze nor he that all thir Fables wrat,

Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziel be,

Are full of Prudence and Morali tie;

Fair Son, he sayd, I am the samyne Man;

My slichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than,

X.

ESOPS, said I, my Maister venerable,

I heartilie zou beseik, for Cheritie,

Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,

Concludand with a gude Morali tie;

Schekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be,

For quhat ist worth to tell a fenziel Tale,

Quhen hale preiching may naithing now avail?

XI.

Now in this World methinks richt few or nane

To haly Scripture has the leist Regaird;

The Eir is deif, the Hairt is hard as Stane,

They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,

Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Eard;

Sae rouslet is the World with Canker black,

That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

XII.

ZIT gentle Sr, sayd I, for my Requiest,
Not to displeis zoor Fatherheid I pray,
Undir the Figure of sum brutal Beist,
A moral Pable ze wald grant to say;
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away
Sumthing therby, herattir may avail:
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

XIII.

A Lyon at his prey weiry forrun,
To recreate his Limbs and tak his Rest,
Beikand his Breist and Bellie at the Son,
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Forest;
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Nest
Richt tait and trig, all danland in a Gyfs,
And owre the Lyon lansir twyfs or thryfs.

XIV.

He lay sac still, the Myce was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;
Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,
Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face:
Merry and glade thus dansit they a Space,
Till at the last the nobil Lyon wouk,
And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV.

He gait a Cry, and all the laif agast,
 Their Dansing left, and hid them heir and thair;
 He that was tane cryit out and weipit fast,
 And sayd, Alace for now and evermair!
 Now am I tane a wofull Prisoner,
 And for my Gilt believes incontinent
 Jugement to thole, and unto Death be sent.

XVI.

Then spak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
 Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing,
 Owre malapert and owre presumptuous,
 Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
 Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
 Of all the Beists? — This (quod the Mous) I know,
 But I misknew, because ze lay sae law.

XVII.

Lord, I besiek thy Princely Ryaltie,
 Heir quhat I say, and tak in Patience;
 Consider first my simple Povertie,
 And sync thy mighty high Magnificence;
 Se als how Things that is done by Negligence,
 Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill desynd,
 Sould gain Remission frae a Kingly Mynd.

XVIII.

WITH gret Aboundance we wer all replet

Of alkynd Fude, sic as to us affird,

And us to dans, provokit the Season sweet,

And mak sic Mirth as Nature to us laird ;

Ze lay fac still and law upon the Eard,

That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,

Ells wald we not haif danst owre zour Heid.

XIX.

THY false Excuse, the Lyon sayd again,

Sall not avail a Myt, I understae ;

I put the Case, had I bene deid or slain,

And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae,

Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand fac,

Because it bare the Prent of my Person,

Thou sould for Deid on Kneis haif falen down.

XX.

Now for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,

My Ryal Person thus to vylipent,

Nowther by Foris nor thyne own Negligence,

For aill Excuse thou can nae Cause pretend ;

Therefore thou suffer sall a schamefull End,

And Deid, sic as to Tresson is decreit,

To be hung on a Gallows be the Fict.

XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentric I als,
 As thou art King of all Beists coronat,
 Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepass,
 And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
 I grant Offens is done to thy Estate,
 Therefore I wirdy am to suffir Deid,
 But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

XXII.

In evry Juge Mercy and Rewth suld be,
 As Assessors and collaterall;
 Without Mercy, Justice is Crewelltie,
 As said is in the Law spirituall:
 When Rigour, sits upon the hygh tribunall,
 The Equitie of Law quha may sustain?
 Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae between.

XXIII.

BESYDS ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild,
 To every Victor, on the Strength depends
 Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
 Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;
 Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
 Is sayd of him that overcomes a Man;
 Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

XXIV.

A Thousand Myce to murder and devore,
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon strang;
Full litle Worship can ze win thairfore,
To quhose vast Strenth is nae Compareson;
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown
To slay a Mous that can mak nae Deffence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.

Also it not becomes zour Celstitude,
That uses daylie Meit delicious,
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,
Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;
Unhalefom Melteth is a fairy Mous,
And namely to a nobil Lyon strang,
Wont to be fed with gentil Venison.

XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far less;
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure
Supplie zour Highnes being in Distress:
For aft is sene a Man of small Stature
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,
Throu Portunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

QTHEN this was sayd, the generous Lyon pauzit,
 And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;
 His Yre asswageit, and his kynd Mercy causit
 Him to the Mous a full Remission grant.

Opent his Paw; He on his Kneis down bent.
 And baith his Hands unto the Heaven upheild,
 Cryand, almichty *Jove* give zou lang Eild.

QUHEN he was gane, the Lyon seid to hunt,
 For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey.
 And slew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont,
 And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;
 Till at the last the People fand the Way
 This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,

Of hempin Cords richt strang Netts coud they mak.

AND in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,
 With Raips rude frae Tric to Tric it band,
 Syne cussle a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
 With Blasts of Horns and Cauts fast calland;
 The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone rinnand
 Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Heid,
 For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

The Lyon and the Mous. 195

XXX.

ROLAND about with hydieus Rowmissing,
Quhyles to quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;
Bot all in vain, that velziet him naething,
The mair he slang, the faller he was knit:
The Raips rude about him sae was plet
On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,
Bot still lyand, thus murnand maid his Mang.

XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir sae law,
Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhom all brutal Beist in Eard stand Aw,
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;
Bot Hope to Help, bot Succor or Defence,
A strang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!
Till I be slain, I se nae uther Grace.

XXXII.

THER is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,
Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,
Quha sall me bute? Quha sall thir Bands brek?
Quha sall me put frae Pain of this Prison?
Be that he had his Lamentation done,
Perchance the litle pardond Mous came heir,
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

196 *The Lyon and the Mous.*

XXXIII.

AND suddainly it came intill his Mynd
That it suld be the Lyon did him Grace,
And sayd, Now wer I sale and richt unkynd,
Bot gif I quit sum Part thy Gentilnes

Thou did to me,——and on with that he gae
To all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,
Cum help, cum help, and they came all on hy.

XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,
Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane,
And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,

Wreckand his Hurt with Murning fair and Mane,
Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;
Cum help to quyt ane gude Turn with annither,
Sae beir, cryd all; syn fell to Wark togither.

XXXV.

THEY tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sharp enowgh;
To se the Sicht forsuith it was grit Wonder,
How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,
Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,
And schure the Raips with the maist eifs in Sunder,
Syne bad him ryse,——and he start up annone,
And thankit them; syn to the Bent is gane,

The Moralitie.

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XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger skour,

Lowse, and delivert till his Libertie,

By litle Animals of smallest Power,

As ze haif hard, because he had Pitié:

Quoth I, Maister, is ther Moralitie

Into this Fable,——*Sen*, sayd he, *richt gude*;

I pray zou gieft, quoth I, or ze conclude.

The MORALITIE.

XXXVII.

WE may suppose this Lyon of Renoun

May signifie ane Emperour or King,

Or ony Potestate that weirs a Croun,

That sould be wakryfe in his governing,

But of his Peple taks slicht noticing,

To rule and steir the Land, and Justice keip,

But lazy lyes in lustie Slouth and Sleip.

XXXVIII.

THE Forest fair with Blossoms lown and lie,

The singand Birds and Flowirs sae ferly sweet,

Ar but this Warld, and his Prosperitie,

As Pleisands fals mingillit with Care repleit,

Richt, as the Rose with Frost and Winter weit,

Wallous ; sae dois the World and them defail
That Confidence in lusty Pleasures haif.

XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar comonalitie,

Wanton, unwyse, without Corection due ;
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chanis to se
That execute, the richteous Laws on few,
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
Dar disobey ; for quhy ? they stand nae Aw,
That maks them aft their Soverains to milknaw.

XL.

AND be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
Consider may the Virtue of Pirie,
And suld remit sumtyme a grit Offence,
And Mercy mitigate with Crueltie ;

Aftymes is sene a Man of small Degree
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

XLI.

QUHA wates how sune a Lord of grit Renoun,
Rowand in warldly Lust and vain Pleisance,
May be ovrthrowin, distroyed, or put down
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
Is hale Mistres, and Leader of the Dance

To lusty Men, and binds them up far soir,
That they nae Percell can provyd befor.

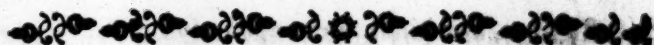
XLII.

THIS crewell Men that flentit has the Net,
In quhilk the Lyon suddenlie was tane,
Waited allway that they a Mendis might get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Stell in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,
The Figure hereof astymes has bein sent.

XLIII.

QUHEN this was sayd, quoth *E/so*, My fair Chyld,
Persuade the Kirkmen cydentlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring and Nobles keip thair Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:
And with that Word he vanisht, and I wote,
Synce throu the Schaw my Jurney hamewart tuke.

Quod Mr. Ro. HENRYSON.



THE
TOD and the LAMB,

OR,

*Follows the Wowing of the King when
he was at Dumfermeling.*

I.

THIS hinder Nicht in *Dumfermeling*,
To me was tald a wonder Thing,
That late a Tod was with a Lamb,
And with hir playd, and made gude Game;
Syne to his Breist did hir imbrace,
And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,
And that methocht a ferly Case,

II.

He braist hir bonny Bodie swait,
And halst hir with his forder Feit,
Syne schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;
And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,
Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;
And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,
And that methocht a ferly Case;

The Tod and the Lamb.

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III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,

He was a lusty reid haird Lowry,

Ane lang taird Beist and grit withall ;

The silly Lamb was all to small,

With sic a Tribble to hald a Base ;

Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,

And that methocht a ferly Case,

IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,

Scho was a Morsell of Delyte ;

He luvit nae Bws auld teuch and Sklender,

Because this Lamb was zung and tender.

He ran upon her with a Race,

And scho schup nevir to defend hir,

And this methocht a ferly Case.

V.

He gripit her about the Waist,

And handilt her as gif in Haste ;

This Inocent that neir trespass,

Take Heart that scho was handilt fast,

And lute him kifs her lusty Face :

His girnand Gams hir nocht agast,

And that methocht a ferly Case.

VI.

He held hir till him be the Hals,
 And spake full fair tho' he was fals;
 Syne said and swore to hir in Mode,
 That he suld not twitch hir Prein-cod.

The silly Thing trow'd him, allace!
 The Lamb gaif Creddence to the Tod,
 And that methocht a ferly Case,

VII.

I will nae Leifings put in Verse,
 Lyke as sum Janglers do reherse;
 But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
 Quhen Licht was out and Dore's wer bard;

I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;
 But Winnocks all were stappit hard,
 And that methocht a ferly Case,

VIII.

QUHEN Folk do fleit in Joy maist far,
 Thair sune cums Wae or they be War,
 Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist crouse,
 The Wolf he umbeset the House,

Upon the Tod to mak a Chace:
 The Lamb scho cheipit lyke a Mouse,
 And that methocht a ferly Case.

IX.

THROW hydious Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait down on Growf;
And in the silly wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he nicht win,

And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews besyde they made nae Din,
And that methocht a ferly Case,

X.

QUHEN of the Tod was heard nae Peip,
The Wowf went all had bene asleip;
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,
The Wowf he dress him to his Den,

Protestand for the second Place:
And this Report I with my Pen,
How at *Dumfermling* fell the Case.

Quid DUNBAR.



On anes being his own Enemy.

I.

HE that has Gold and Riches great,
 And may live at a merry Rate;
 And Gladness dois frae him expell,
 And lives into a wretched State;
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell,

II.

He that may be bot Sturt and Stryf,
 And live a lusty lightsome Lyfe,
 And syne with Marriage dois him mell,
 And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

III.

He that has for his awin Genzie
 A pleisand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
 And shutes syne at an uncow Schell,
 And is forfairn with Fleis of Spenzie,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

IV.

AND he that with gude Life and Treuth,
Bot Variance ar other Sleuth,
Dois evir with a Master dwell,
That nevir of him will have Rewth,
He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

V.

Now all this Time let us be merry,
And set not by this Warld a Cherry,
Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to sell;
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,
I give them to the Devil of Hell.

Quod DUNBAR.





*The Benifite of them who have Ladies
wha can be gude Soliciters at Court.*

I.

THIR Ladys fair, that mak repair,
And at the Court are kend.

In three Days thair, they will do mair,

Anc Matter for eill end,

Than ther Gude-men will do in Ten,

For any Craft they can,

Sae weil they ken, what Time and quene,

Thair Manes they suld mak than.

II.

WITH litle Noy they can convoy

A Matter finally,

Richt myld and Moy, and keip it coy,

On Evens sae quietly ;

They do no mis, but gif they mis,

And keip Colation,

Quhat Reck of this, thair Matter is

Brocht to Conclusion.

III.

THEN wit ye weil, they haif gait Feil,

And Mater to solist,

Trest as the Steil, syne neir a Deil,

Quhen they come hame, are mist,

Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,

Sic Wyves behalden to,

That sae weil dar gae to the Bar,

Quhen there is ocht to do,

IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,

Or Matter in the Play,

To mak Remeid, send in zour Steid

Zour Ladys graitht up gay;

They can deffend, even to the End,

And Matters forth exprefs;

Suppose they spend, it is unkend,

Thair Geir is nocht the less.

V.

In quiet Place, gin they have Space,

Within less than twa Hours,

They can percase, purchase sum Grace,

At the Compositors;

Thair Composition with full Remission,

Thair finally is endit,

With Expedition, and full Condition,

Thair Seals then are to pendit.

VI.

ALL hale almost they make the Cost,

With sober Recompence,

Richt little lost, they get indorst,

All hale their Evidence,

Sic Ladys wyse, they are to pryze,

To say the Verity,

Sae can devyse, and not surpryze

Thame nor thair Honesty,

Quod DUNBAR.





*Annother of the samen Cast,
Pend be the Poet wrote the last.*

I.

THE Use of Court richt weil I knaw,
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
At hame remain the silly Lairds,
And send thair Wyves behind the Yards,
Well stuf With Money and Rewards,
To furdur thair Errands frae Nicht saw.

II.

In Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled,
And rouns to have thair Matter sped;
They give nae Budds,
But on thair Fudds
They get grit Skuds,
In nakit Bed.

210 *Another of the samin, &c.*

III.

BUT neirtheless the Laird maun syn,
For all his Miens, a Tun of Wype:

His Wyfe cumis hame thus synely usd,
But zit he maun hald hir excusd;
And finally the Folks that doist
Denys and laughs at them baith syne.

IV.

THE Laird murns quhen he may not mend it,
His Lady jaipit his Siller spend it,
And all his Labour turnd in vain;
But ay the Lady says full plain,
That scho maun to the Court again,
Or els the Plea will not be endit.

V.

HIS Buckler bord, and backward born,
And all his Cause is quite forlorn;

Up gets his Wame,
Scho thinks nae Schame
Syne to bring hame

The Laird a Horn.



THE VISION.

*Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk *
in Tyme of our Hairship and Opression,
anno 1300, and translatit in 1524.*

I.

B EDOWN the Bents of Banquo Brat
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Mufand our main Milchaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That staw the *sacred* † *Stane frae Scone*,
And leids us sic a Daunce:

P

* The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Condescension of *Basili* to *Edward I.* of *England*, till they recovered their Independance by the Conduct and Valour of the Great *BRUCE*, is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem seems useless.

† The old Chair (now in *Westminster Abbey*) in which the Scots Kings were always crown'd wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inscription;

*Ni fallat fatum, SCOTs, quocunque locatum
Iuveniet lapidem, regnare tenetur ibidem.*

The Vision.

Quhyle *Inglands* Edert takis our Tours,
 And *Scotland* ferst obeys,
 Rude *Ruffians* ransakk *Ryal* Bours,
 And *Baliol* Homage pays;
 Throch Feidom our Freidom
 Is blotit with this Skore,
 Quhat *Romans* or no *Mans*
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

II.

THE Air grew ruch with boulicous Thuds,
 Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the Cluds,
 Maist lyke a drunken Wicht;
 The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift
 Frae the blak Vissart of the List:
 The Forrest schuke with Fricht;
 Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,
 They ducht not byde the Blast,
 Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to thair Den,
 Untill the Storm was past:
 Ilk Creature in Nature
 That had a Spunk of Sence,
 In Neid then, with Speid then,
 Methocht cryt, in Defense.

III.

To se a Morn in *May* sae ill,
Ideimt Dame Nature was gane will,

To rair with rackles Reils;

Qubairfor to put me out of Pain,
And skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,

I bure me to a Beil,

Up ane hich Craig that lundgit alast,

Out owre a canny Cave,

A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,

Qubilla to me Schelter gaif;

Ther vexit, perplexit,

I leint me down to weip,

In brief ther, with Grief ther

I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

HEIR *Somnus* in his silent Hand

Held all my Sences at Command,

Qubyle I forzet my Cair;

The myldest Meid of mortall Wicht;

Quba pass in Peace the private Nicht,

That wauking finds it rare;

Sae in fast Slumbers did I ly,

But not my wakryfe Mynd,

Quhilk still stude Watch, and eouth espy

A Man with Aspek kynd,

Richt and lyke and bald lyke,

With Baird thre Quarters Skant,

Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,

He seemt to be a Sanct,

V.

GRIT Darring dartit frae his Ec,

A Braid-sword schogled at his Thie,

On his left Arm a Targe;

A shynand Speir filld his richt Hand,

Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawd,

Of just Proportions, large;

A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid

Owre his left Spaul he threw,

Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,

The Silver Wymplers grew;

Amassit, I gaisit

To se, led at Command,

A strampant and rampant

Ferfs Lyon in his Hand.

VI.

QUHILK held a Thistle in his Paw,

And round his Collar graist I saw

This Poetic pat and plain,

Nemo me impune lacessit.

Et:— In Scots, *Nane sall oppress*

Me, unpunisht with Pain;

Still schaking, I durst naething say,

Till he with kynd Accent

Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,

I cum to hier thy Plaint;

Thy graipng and maining

Haith laillie reikd myne Eir,

Debar then affar then

All Eiryness or Feir.

VII.

For I am awt of a hie Station,

The Warden of this antient Nation,

And can naeche do the Wrang;

I vissyt him then round about,

Syne with a Resolution stout,

Spirit, Quhair he had bene fac lang?

Quod he, Althocht I sum forsuke,
 Becaus they did me slicht,
 To Hills and Glens I me betoke,

To them that luvcs my Richt;
 Quhase Mynds zet inclyndz zet
 To damm the rappid Spate,
 Devysing and prysing
 Freidom at ony Rate.

VIII.

OUR Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
 Quha jyb them, and thair Substance eit,
 And on thair Honour stramp;
 They, pure degenerate ! bend thair Baks,
 The Victor, *Langshanks*, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our Lamp:
 Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,
 With Sobs, thair silent Greif,
 How *Baliol* thair Richts did sell,
 With small Howp of Relcife;
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his cursit Plot,
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That Bargin down thair Throt;

IX.

BRAIF Gentrie sweir, and Burgers ban,

Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan

Thats to their Nation trew ;

The Cloysters cum to eun the Evil,

Mailpayers wifs it to the Devil,

With its contryving Crew :

The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,

Upon dyre Vengance fall ;

The fecklels fret owre Heuchs and Hills,

And Eccho Answers all,

Repetand and greitand,

With mony a sair Alace,

For Blasting and Casting

Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

WAES me ! quod I, our Case is bad,

And mony of us are gane mad,

Sen this disgraceful Faction.

We are felld and herryt now by Forse ;

And hardly Help fort, thats zit warse,

We are sac forfairn with Faction.

Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,
 That's farr to be a Slaif;
 Oppression does the Judgment Jumble
 And gars a wyse Man saif.
 May Ghins then, and Pains then
 Infernal be thair Hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugsum Myre.

XI.

THEN he with bauld forbidding Luke,
 And staitly Air did me rebuke,
 For being of Sprite fac meir
 Said he its far beneath a SCOT
 To use weak Curses quhen his Lot
 May sumtymes sour his Splein,
 He rather sould mair lyke a Man,
 Some braif Design attempt;
 Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
 Rest but a quhyle content,
 Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
 And wait the Will of Fate,
 Which myds to desygns to
 Renew zour auntient State.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ze do all
Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
In mair auspicious Tymes;
For aften far aboue the Mune,
We watching Beings do conuene,
Ere roued Earde outmost Climes,
Quhair evry Warden represents
Cleirly his Nations Case,
Gif Famyne, Pest, or sword Torments,
Or Villains hie in Place,
Quha keip ay, and hoip ay
Up to themselves gait Store,
But rundging and spunging
The heil laborious Pure.

XIII.

SAY then, said I, at zopr hie Sate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld Scotland's Fate.
Gifeir schoil be her sell;
With Smyle Celest, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal Man
Sould ken all I can tell:

But Part to the I may unfold,
 And thou may fairly ken,
 Quhen *Scottish* Peirs sicht *Saxon* Gold,
 And turn trew heartit Men;
 Quhen *Knaivry* and *Slaivrie*,
 Ar equally dispyd,
 And *Loyalte* and *Royalte*,
 Universalie are pryfd.

XIV.

QUHEN all your Trade is at a Stand,
 And Cunzie clene forsaike the Land,
 Quhilk will be very sune,
 Will Preists without their Stypands Preich,
 For noch will Lawyers Causes Streich;
 Faith thatis nae easy done.
 All this and mair maun cum to pass,
 To cleir your glamourit Sicht;
 And *Scotland* maun be made an As.
 To set her Judgment richt.
 Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
 Untill scho brak hir Tether,
 Thocht auld schois zit bauld schois,
 And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

XV.

BUT mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,
And Wac fall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The Faes fall tak the Feild neir *Forthe*,
And think the Day thair ain:
Bot Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
Of them that now oppress;
Their Carcasses be *Corbs* Fude,
By thousands on the Gress.
A King then fall ring then,
Of wyse Renoun and braif,
Quhase Pusians and Sapiens,
Sall Richt restoir and saif.

XVI.

THE View of Freidomis sweet, quod I.
O say, grit Tennant of the Skye,
How neiris that happie Tyme.
We ken Things but be Circumstans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leist I commit a Cryme.

Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
 I fall not fash ze moir,
 Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
 As ze did hint befoir,

With Air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like Rayis of Glory,
 Sae Godliyk and oddlyk
 He thus resumit his Storie.

XVII.

FRAE the Sons Ryfing to his Sett,
 All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,
 In solemn bricht Array,
 With Vehicles of *Aither* cleir,
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir
 To Sauls rowit up in Clag;
 Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,
 Reird up with shynand Beims,
 Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,
 And paist with starrie Gleims,
 Quhillk prinked and twinkled
 Brichtly beyont Compar,
 Much famed and named
 A Cassill in the Air.

XVIII.

In midst of quhilk a Tabill stude,
A spacious Oval reid as Blude,
Made of a Fyte-Flaucht,
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celestial Hand,
Full many a curious Draught.
Inferior Beings flew in Haist,

Without Gyd or Dereftour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Walle

To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:

Then roundly and soundly

We drank lyk *Roman* Gods;

Quhen *Jove* sae dois rove sae,

That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nod.

XIX.

Quhen *Phebus* Heid turns licht as Cork,

And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,

And limpaud *Vulcan* blethers;

Quhen *Pluto* glowers as he were wyld,

And *Cupid* laves we wingit Chyld,

Fals down and fyles his Fethers.

Quhen *Pan* forzets to tune his Reid,

And slings it cairless bye,

And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid,

Can nowther stand nor lye:

Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,

They stoyter Hame to sleip,

Quhyle Centeries at Enterics

Imortal Watches keip.

XX.

THUS we take in the high browin Lignour,

And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;

But evir with his Ods:

We neir in Drink our Judgments drensch,

Nor scour about to seik a Wensch

Lyk these auld baudy Gods,

But franklie at ilk uther ask,

Quhats proper we suld know,

How ilk ane hes performt the task,

Assignd to him below.

Our Minds then sae kind then,

Are fixt upon our Care,

Ay noting and plotting

Quhat tends to thair Weilsfair.

XXI.

Gothus and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a Snuff,
 Quhyle made *Allmane* to stare;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,
 And of coud Crouns tak Care;
Batavius with his Paddock Face
 Luking asquint, cryd, *Fisch*,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,
 I had leur sicht for *Fisch*;
 Zour Schule-men ar *Fule-men*,
 Carvit out for dull debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith Monarchies and States.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie Nod
Cryd, Hogan, zes we ken *zour God*,
 Its Herrings ze adore;
Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
Can nocht with his ain *Thochts* agre,
 But varies bak and fore;

And quhyle he says, It is not richt

A Monarch to resist,

Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will sight,

And passive Homage jest;

He hitches and fitches

Between the *Hic* and *Hoe*,

As jicand and sicand

Round lyk a Wedder cock.

XXIII.

I still support my Precedens

Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,

Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,

Quhyle was, becaus I bure a Grudge

At sum sule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge

To Princes on thair awin;

Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and squeist,

And pursit up all thair Rent,

Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleist,

Till Riggs and Schaws war spent;

Syne byndging and whyndging,

Quhen thus redust to Howps,

They dander and wander

About pure Liechtadowps.

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw
My thynand Sword against Club-Law,
And gar my Lyon roir;
He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,
The Ecchoe fall be hard arround
Europe, frae Shore to Shore;
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth;
And stryve to wirk my Fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
I will owrecum them all,
And raise zit and blase zit
My Braifric and Renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

WHEN my braif BAUCE the same fall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
The Diadem will shyne;
Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,
His Intrest zours he will not feice,
Or leif you eir inclyne :

Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,

Zell neir the puirer be,

But rather richer, quhyle its spent

Within the *Scottish* Se:

The Field then fall zeild then

To honest Husbands Welth,

Gude Laws then fall cause then

A sickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came

A wondir fair Etherial Dame,

And to our Warden sayd,

Grit *Callidon* I cum in Serch

Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,

The Counfill wants zour Ayd;

Frae every Quarter of the Sky,

As swift as Quhirl-wynd,

With Spirits speid the Chiftains hy,

Sum grit Thing is desygnd

Owre Muntains be Funtains,

And round ilk fairy Ring,

I haif chaist ze, O haist ze,

They talk about zour King?

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he schuke,

And wischt I Happyness nicht bruke,

To eild be Nicht and Day;

Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,

He mountit upwards frae my Sicht,

Straicht to the milkie Way;

My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,

Untill the brynie Streme

For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,

And wakit me frae Dreame;

Then peiping half sleiping,

Frae furth my rural Beild,

It eisit me and pleisit me

To se and smell the Feild.

XXVIII.

For *Flora* in hir cleane Array,

New washen with a Showir of *May*,

Lukit full sweit and fair;

Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif

Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,

Hir Sweits persumt the Air;

The winds war hush't, the Welkin cleird,

The glum and Clouds war fled,

And all as fast and gay appeird

As ane *Elyfion* Sched;

Quhilk heifit and bleifit

My Heart with sic a Fyre,

As raises these Praises

That do to Heaven aspyre

Quod **AR. SCOT.**





*Jok Up-a-lands Complaint against
the Court in the Kings Nonaige.*

I.

NOW is the King in tender Aige,
O CHRYST! conserve him in his Eild,
To do Justice to Man and Page,
That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;
Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
They ryde about in sic a Rege,
Be Firth and Forrest Muir and Feild,
With Bow Buckler and Brand
Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
The Deil mot sane the Company,
I pray it frae my Heart trewly.
This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

Q. 3

232 **Jok Up-a-lands Complaint.**

II.

He that was wont to beir the Barrows,
Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,
To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,
In *Norroway* they sould heir of Newis,
I sould him tak, and all his Marrows,
And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,
And thairto plichts my Hand.
And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,
Upon an Gallows suld I knit,
That this down treddit has our Qubit.
This said *Jok Up-a-land*.

III.

BUT wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,
To Husbonds Reshone do with Skill,
To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,
And hing them heich upon ane Hill;
Then Husbonds labour nicht their Steids,
And Preists nicht patter and pray their Fill:
For Husbonds sould necht haif sic Pleids,
And Scheip and Nolt nicht ly full still,
And Stakis and Rukis nicht stand;

Jok Up-a-lands Complaint. 233

For sen they raid amang our Dorrs,
With Splent on Spald and jousty Spurs,
Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs :
This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

IV.

Tak a pure Man a Scheip or twae,
For Hungir or for Falt of Fude,
To five or sax wie Bairns or mae,
They will him hang in Halters rude,
but gif an tak a Flok or sae,
A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,
Full saifly may he ryd or gae :

I wait nocht gif thir Laws be gude,
I schrew them first them fand.
O JESU, for thy haly Passioun,
Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,
To ding thir mony Kings all down,
This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

Quod KENNEDY.

Q4





THE

Garment of gude *LADY* IS.

I.

WALD my gude Lady lufe me best,
 And work afir my Will,
 I fould a Garment gudlielt,
 Gar mak her Body till.

II.

OF Honour hie fould be her Hude,
 Upon hir Heid to weir,
 Garnist with Governance fae gude,
 Nae demyeng fould hir deir.

III.

Hir Sark fould be, hir Body nixt,
 Of Chastitie fae quhyte,
 With Schame and Dreid together mixt,
 The fame fould be perfyte.

The Garment of gude Ladyis. 235

IV.

Hir Kirtle of the clene Constante,
Doun laist with lesum Lave;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuve.

V.

Hir Goun sould be of Godlienes,
Weil Riband with Renown,
Pursillt with Plefour in ilk Place,
And furt with syne Fassoun.

VI.

Hir Belt sould be of Benignitie,
About hir Midil meit,
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,
To tholl baith Wind and Weit.

VII.

Hir Hat sould be of fair Having,
Hir Tipat of the Truth;
Hir Paitlet of ay gude pausing,
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

236 *The Garment of gude Ladyis*

VIII.

Hir Sleives sould be of Esperance,
To keip hir frae Dispair;
Hir Gluves of the best Governance,
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

IX.

Hir Shune sould be of Sickerness,
In Time that scho nocht flyd;
Hir Hose of Honesty express,
I sould for hir provyde.

X.

Wald scho put on this Garment gay,
I durst sweir be my Seill,
That scho wore nevir Grene nor Gray,
That set hir half so weil.

Quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.





*To the Honour of the Ladyis, and
the Fortification of their Fame.*

I.

JUST to declair the hie Magnificence,
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is,
The Wirdyness and Verteous Excellence,
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Bliss,
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wiss;
But nocht the less my Pen I will apply,
To say the Suth, thoch Eloquence I miss,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

THOCHT Doctors andd Addresses thair Delyt,
To dyt of Ladyis Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht sould set his Appityte,
To reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all sic Lybills bissellie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.

238 *To the Honour of the Ladyis,*

III.

FOR quho sae list the Richt trew to reherse,
To humane Glorie they mak Habilitie;
Quhen Men ar sad at them solace they ferfs,
As Habitickles of all Humanity,
They bring grit Weirs ast to Tranquillitie,
Malice of Men they meis and pacifie,
To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;
Therefore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

IV.

ALTHOCHT a Man had as much Gude to spend,
As all the Empyres of this Globe around;
Wer Women Wanting Weil-fare were at End,
Without thair Comfort Care sould him confound,
Quhair they abyde thair blifs does ay abound,
And quhair they flie Felicetie gaes by;
Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir found;
Thairfore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

V.

SEN GOD has grantit them sic Gudliness,
And formid them after sae fynce fassoun,
Synce put sic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,
Quhy sould not Men hald them of grit Renown?

To the Honour of the Ladyis. 239

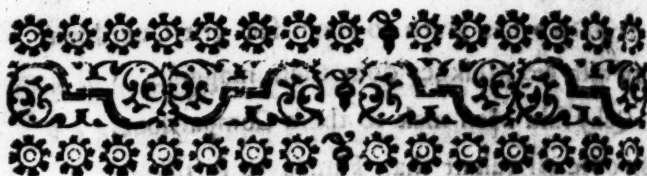
SEN GOD has given to them *sae* grit Guerdoun,
And with sic Meiknes does them magnifie,
Quhy suld Men mak to them Comparifone,
But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

VI.

OF *Mary* myld, the Maid immaculate,
To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame,
CHRYST was incarnate and incorporate,
And nurist was nyn Months within hir Wame;
And astir born, and bocht us frae the Blame
Of *Bellial*, that brint us bitterlie;
That Heavenly Honour saves the Sex frae Shame,
And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

Quod STEWART.





THE D A U N C E.

O F Februar the fiftain Night,
Richt lang before the Dayis Licht,

I lay intill a Trance,

And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell,
Methocht amang the Feynds fell

Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
Of Shrewis that wer nevir schreivin
Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin,

To mak thair observance;
He bad Galands gae graith a Gyis,
And cast up Gamonds to the Skyes,
The last came out of *France*.

II.

LET see, quod he, now quha begins,
With that the foull seven deadly Sins

Begouth to leip attains ;

And first of all the Daunce was *Pryde*,

With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,

Lyk to mak waistie Wains ;

And round about him as a Quheil,

Hang all in Rumples to his Heil

His Kethat for the Nains :

Mony proud Trumpour with him trippit

Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit,

They girnd with hydious Granes.

III.

HELVE Harlots on hawtane Ways

Came in with mony findry Gyis,

Zit nevir leuch *Mahoun*,

Till Preists came with bare schaven Necks,

Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,

Black-wame and Bawfy-broun.

IV.

THEN *Yre* came in with Sturt and Stryfe,

His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,

He brandiest lyk a Beir:

Boasters, braggers and Barganers

Aftir him pasd in be Pairs

All boddin in Feir of Weir ;

In Jacks, Stripps, and Bonnets of Steil,

Their Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,

Frawart was thair affeir ;

With Brands sum on uther best,

Sum jagit uthers to the Hest

With Knives that Scheip coud scheir.

V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce. *Envy,*

Filld full of Feid and Fellony,

Hid Malyce and Dispyt ;

For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,

Him followd mony Freik, dissembled

With senzied Words qubyte,

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-byters of sundry Races;
To lie that had Delyte,
With Rownars vyle of false Leifings
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
Of sic can neer be quhyte.

VI.

NEXT him in Daunce came *Covetyse*,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,
That neir could be content;
Catyvs, Wretches and Ockerars,
Hud Pykes, Hurdurs and Gatherers,
All with that *Warle* went:
Out of their Throts they shot on usher,
Het molten Gold methocht a Futher,
As Fyre-flaucht maist fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themfells of Schot,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
With Gold of all kynd Prent.

The Daunce.

VII.

SYNE *Sweirnes* at the second Bidding
Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,

Full sleipy was his Grunzie;

Mony sweir bumbard Belly-buddron,

Mony Slut, Daw, and sleipy Duddron,

Him served ay with Sounzie:

He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,

And *Belial* with a Bridall Renzie.

Ay lashit them on the Lunzie.

In Daunce they were sae slaw of Feit,

They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,

Made them quicker of Cunzie.

VIII.

THEN *Lechery* that laithly Corfs,

Berand lyk a bagit Horfs,

And Yellenefs did him leid;

Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,

And mony a stynekand foull Tramort

That had in Sin bene deid:

When they wer enterit in the Daunce,

They wer full strange of Countenance,

Lyk *Turkas* burnand reid ;

All led they uther by the _____

Suppose they fyket with thair _____

It nicht be nae Remeid.

IX.

THEN the foull Monster, *Gluttony*,

With Wame unsatiate and greidy,

To daunce syn did him dress ;

Him followit mony a foull Drunkart

With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,

In Surfet and Excess ;

Full mony a waistless wally Drag,

With Wames unwyldy did forth wag

In Creish, that did incress ;

Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,

The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,

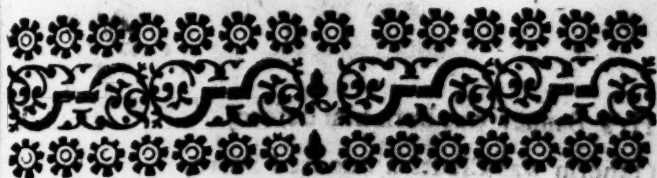
Thair Loverly was nae less,

X.

NAB Minstralls playd to them bot Dout,
 For Glie-men ther war haldin out
 Be Day and eik by Nicht;
 Except a Minstrall that slew a Man,
 Sae till his Heritage he wan,
 Entert be Breif of Richt.

XI.

THEN cryd *Maboun* for a *Earfe* Padzean,
 Syn ran a Feynd to fetch *Earfe* Padzean,
 Far Northwart in a *Earfe*;
 Be he the Correnoch did shout,
Earfe Men so gatherit him about,
 In Hell grit Rume they tuke:
 That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,
 Full loud in *Earfe* begond to clatter
 And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;
 The Deil sae deivt was with thair Yell,
 That in the deipest Pot of Hell
 He smorit them all with Smuke.



*Follows the Tournament between the
Soutar and Tailzior.*

I.

NIXT that a Tournament was cryd,
That lang before in Hell was tryd;
In Prefence of *Maboun*,
Betwisch a Tailzior and a Soutar,
A Prick-Louse and a Hobell-Clouter,
The Barrels was made boun;
The Tailzior baith with Speir and Sheild,
Convoyit was into the Feild,
With mony a *Lymmar-Loun*,
Of seme-byters and Beist-knappers,
Of Stomok-stealers and Claith-takers,
A graceles *Garrifoun*.

II.

Hrs Banner was born him before,
Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,
 Ilk an of diverse Heu,
 And all stown out of findry Webs,
 For quhye the *Greik* Se flows and ebs,
 Tailziors will neir be trew:
 The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,
 Allace! he tint all Hardyment,
 For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knicht,
 Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
 That to sic Honour grew,

III.

THE Tailzior hecht before *Mahoun*,
That he suld ding the Soutar down,
 Wer he strang as a Mast;
 But quhen he on the Barrows Blenkit,
 His clouted Courage fairly schrinkit,
 His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,
Of all sic Words he was quyte dum,

Sae fair he was agast.

In Heart he tuke sae great a Scunder,

A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,

Flew frae him Blast for Blast.

IV.

THE Soutar to the Feild him drest,

He was convoyid out of the West,

As an Deffender stout.

Suppose he had nae lusty Varlet,

He had full mony a lousy Harlot,

Round ryding him about.

His Banner was of barkit Hyd,

Quherin Saint *Girnega* did glyd,

Before that Rebald Rout:

Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits;

For ay betwix his Harnes Plaits,

The Uly burffit out,

V.

QUHEN on the Tailzior he did luke,

His Heart a litle Dwaning tuke,

He nicht not richt upsit,

Into his Stommok was sic a Steir,

Of all his Denner quhilk he coft deir,

His Breast held Deil a Bit :

To comfort him or he raid furdur,

The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,

Fou fair syne did he spit ;

And he about the Devils Neck,

Did spew again a Quart of Blek,

Thus knightly he him quit.

VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,

The Soutar richt afeardly,

Unto the Feild he socht :

Quhen he were served with their Speirs,

Folk had a Feil be their Effaire,

Their Hearts were baith on Flocht,

They spard their Horſe on either Syde,
Synce they owtowre the Grund coud glyd,
And them together brocht.
The Tailzior that was nocht weil ſitten,
He left his Saddle all beſhitten,
And to the Grund he ſocht.

VII.

His Harnes brak and made a Brattle,
The Soutars Horſs lap with a Ratle,
And round about coud reil :
The Beift that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
Him he rewardit weil :
Samthing frae him the Feynd eſhewd,
He wont again to bein beſpewd,
So ſtern he was in Steil :
He thoct again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erſe, and all bedrèt him
Ein quyte frae Neck to heil.

VIII.

He lowsit it aff with sic a Reird;
 He dang baith Horſe and Man till Eard,
 He fartit with ſic Feir.
 Now haif I quit thee quoth *Mahoun*,
 Thir new made Knights lay baith in Swound,
 And did all Arms menlweir;
 The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
 And them of Knichthude coud depryve,
 Discharging them of Weir,
 And made them Harlots baith for evir,
 Quhilk ſtill to keip they had far levir
 Nor ony arms to beir.

IX.

I had mair of their Warks written,
 Had not the Soutar bein beſhitten,
 With *Belials* Erſs unbliſt.
 But that ſae gude a Bourd methocht,
 Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
 For Lauchter neir I briſt :

Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,

To put this in Remembrance,

Micht no Man me resist;

For this said Jussing it befell,

Before *Maboun* the Air of Hell,

Now trew this gif ze list.

Here ends the Soutar and the Tailzions War,

Made be the noble Poet W^m. DUNBAR.



Follows ane

*Amends made to the foresaid
Knichts of the Birs and Thumble;
In Case his Joke should them provok
Owr sair to girn and grumble.*

I.

BETWISHT the Twelt Hour and Elevin,

I dreamd an Angel came frae Heaven,

With Pleasand Stevin sayand on hic,

Tailzions and Soutars blist be ze.

II.

HIGH up for you is ordaind a Place,
 Aboue all Saints in great Solace,
 In Happyness and Dignity,
 Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze,

III.

THE Cause to you is not unkend,
 Natures Neglect ye do amend,
 Be Craft and great Agility,
 Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

IV.

SOUTARS with Schune weil made and meit,
 Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit,
 Quherfore to Heaven zour Sauls will flie,
 Soutars and Tailziors blif be ze.

V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock,
 That has upon his Feit a Wyrock,
 Knoul Tacs, or Moulis in nae Degre,
 But ze can hyde them, blif be ze.

VI.

AND Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,
Can mend the warst made Man that gacs,
And mak him seemly lyke to see,
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

VII.

THOCHT ane fuld haif a broken Back,
Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhat-rak,
Heill cover it richt carftely,
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim,
The cruke Backs, and the Crippe, Lame,
Ay howdrand Faults with zour suplie,
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

IX.

IN Eard ze kyth sic Eerlys heir,
In Heavin ze sall be Saints full cleir,
Tho' ze be Knaves in this Countrie.
Soutars and Tailziors blif be ze,

Quod DUNBAR.



*The Lovers Mane that dares not
assay.*

I.

QUHEN *Flora* had owrfrett the Firth,
In *May* of ilka Moneth *Quene*,
Quhen *Merle* and *Mavis* sings with *Mirth*,
Sweit *Melling* in the *Schaws* *sae* *schene*,
When *Lovers* all rejosit bene,
And maist disyrous of thair *Prey*,
I hard a lusty *Lover* mene,
I luv, but I dare not assay!

II.

STRANG ar the *Pains* I daylie pruve,
But zit with *Patience* I sustene,
I am *sae* fettert in the *Luve*,
Only of my *sweet* *Lady* *schene*,
Quhilk for her *Bewtie* nicht be *Quene*,
Nature *sae* craftily alway,
Has done depaint that *sweet* *Serene*,
Quhom I luv, and dare not assay.

Scho is sae bricht of Hyd and Hew,

I luv but hir allone I wene,

Is nane hir Luve that may eschew,

That blenks sae of that dulce Amene;

Sae comelic cleir ar hir twa Ene,

That scho mae Luvers does effrey,

Then cir of *Greice* did fair *Helene*,

Quhome I luv, and dare not assay.

Quod STEWART.





Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.

I.

HIRRY, hary, hobbilfchow,
Se ze not quha is cum now,

But zit wate I nevir how,

Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;

A Sargeand out of *Soudoun* Land,

A Gyane strang in Limbs to stand,

That with the strength of my awin Hand

May Bairs and Bugles bind,

II.

QUHA is then cum heir, but I

A bauld and bowstecous Bellomy,

Amang zou all to cry a Cry

With a maist mighty Soun?

I generit am of Gyans kynd,

Frae hardy *Hercules* be Strynd,

Of all the Occident and Ynd,

My Elders woir the Crown.

III.

My fore Grandsyre heicht *Fynmackoull*,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes rained Fludes when he wald skoul,
He trublit all the Air.

He gat my Gudsyre *Gog Magog*,
He, when he daunst, the World wald schog,
Then Thousand Ells zied in his Frog
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,
But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,
Elevin Myle wyd met was his Mouth,
His Teith was ten Myles squair:
He wald upon his Tais upstand,
And tak the Starns down with his Hand,
And set them in a Gold Garland,
Above his Wyfes Hair.

V.

His Wyfe so mekle was of Clift,
Her Heid' wan heicher than the Lift,
The Hevin reirdit when scho did rift,
The Lais was naithing slender:

260 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

Scho spat *Loch-lowmond* with her Lips,
Thunder and Fyre flew frae her Hips,
Quhen scho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;
The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

VI.

FOR Cauld scho tuke the Fever Tartane,
For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane*
Wald not be to her Leg a Gartane,
Thocht scho was zung and tendir:

Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
Scho tuke the Gravel, and staild *Craig-gorth*,
And pischt the grit Watter of *Forth*,
Sic Tyd ran astirhind hir.

VII.

ANE Thing written of hir I find,
In *Yrland* quhen scho blew behind,
On *Norway* Coist scho raist the Wind,

And grit Schips drownit thair:
Then scho fischt all the *Spainzie* Seis,
With hir Sark Lap betwix her Theyis,
And thre Days sailing tween hir Kneis
It was esteemd and mair.

VIII.

THE hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powtert with hir Lymms fae wyde;
Laffes nicht lair at hir to stryde,

Wald gae to Luvairs lair.

Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,

Had croppin on hir * *Geig* for Girth,

Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

MY Fader mekle *Gow Macmorne*,
Out of his Moders Wame was schorne,
For Littlenefs scho was forlorn,

Sican a Kemp to beir:

Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,

He wald flap owre the Ocean Se,

The Mone sprang neir abune his Knie,

The Heavens had of him Feir.

S 2

* A Kind of an old-fashioned Net used now for catching
fish.

X.

ANE thousand Ziers ar past frae Mynd,
 Sen I was generit of this Kynd,
 Far furth in Defarts of the Ynd,

Amang Lyon and Beir :

Worthy King *Arthur* and *Gawane*,
 And mony a bauld Bairn of *Bartane*
 Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,
 Sen I could weild a Speir.

XI.

THE *Sophie* and the *Seiwdown* strang,
 With Battles that half lastit lang,
 Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,

And turn to *Turkie* tye.

The King of *Francis* grlt Armie
 Has brocht a Derth in *Lombardie*,
 That in the Countrie I and he
 Can nocht dwell balth perfyte.

XII.

Swadrick, *Danmark* and *Noraway*,
 Nor in the Steids I dar not gae,
 For ther is nocht but burn and slae,
 Cut Thropples and mak quyte.

Irland for ay I haif refuist,
All wyse Men will hald me excusit;
For neir in Land wher *Earfe* is usit,
To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene foremost ay in Feild,
And now sae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit in for Eild

This litle, as ze may se:

I haif bene banistt under the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd
Quhyle now with this last Eistin Wynd.

I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My Name is *Welsh* therfore be blyth,
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,
Suppose ilk Wretch suld wail and wryth,

All Derth I fall gar die:

For certainly the Truth to tell,
I cum amang ze now to dwell,
Far frae the Sound of *Curphour* Bell,
To live I neir fall drie,

XV.

Now sen I am sic Quantitie
 Of Gyans cum, as ze may se,
 Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,
 Of siclyk Breid and Hicht?

In all this Bour is not a Bryde
 Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,
 Zet trow ze ony Heir besyde
 Nicht suffer me all Nicht,

XVI.

ADEW a quhyle, for now I gae
 But I will nor lange byde ze frae,
 I wisch ze be conserft from Wae,

Baith Maiden Wyfe and Man;
 Gon blest them and the haly Rude,
 Gif me a Drink, se it be gude,
 And quha trows best that I do lude,
 Skink first to me the Kan.

FINIS. *The Droicks Part of a Play*



*Auld Kyndness quite forzet, quhen ane
grows pure.*

THIS World is all but fenziel fair,
And as unstable as the Wind,

And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair

Trest Fallowship is ill to find,

Gude Consciencs is all made blind,

And Charity thairs nane to get :

Leil Luv and Lawty lys behind,

And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.

QUHYLE I had ony thing to spend,

And stufit weil with Warld's Wrack,

Amang my Friends I was weil kend ;

Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,

They wad me be the Oxter tak ;

And at the hich Buird I was set,

But now they let me stand aback,

Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

266 *Auld Kindness quite forzet.*

III.

Now I can find but Friends few,
Sen I was prized to be pure,
They hald me now but for a Shrew;
Of me they take but little Cure;
All that I do is but Injure;

Thocht I be bair I may not bett,
They let me stand upon the Flure,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

IV.

SUPPOSE I mein I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held part with Povertie,
Away sen that my Pack was spendit,
Adieu all Liberalitie.

The Proverb now is, *aw* I see,
Quha may not give will little get;
Therefore to say the Verity,
Now auld Kindness is quite forzet.

V.

THEY wald me hals with Hude and Flat,
Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,
About me Friends enow I gat;
Richt blythly then on me they leuch,
But now they makit wonder teuch,
And lets me stand before the Zet
Therefoir this Warld is very freuch,
And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap Rude cren,
I zied but seindie myne allane,
I squyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for aye;
But suddenly frae that was gane,
They pased me by with hands plect,
With puirrieth frae I was oertane,
Then auld kindness was quite forzet.

VII.

Into this world fuld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil see the Reason quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art, but little setten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund ~~Flis~~ in thy Net:
Therefore ~~this felle~~ World I defy,
Sen auld kyndness is quite forzet.

VIII.

Sen that nae Kyndness kepit is,
Into this World that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavens Bliss,
Thy self appeall with sober Rent,
Live weil and give with god Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God send hald the content,
Sen auld Kyndness is quit forzet.



ADVICE to be Liberal and Blyth.

I.

I Make it kend, he that will spend
and luvè God late and Air,
He will him mend, and Grace him send,

Quhyle Catives shall have Care:

But Praise weil pend, fall him comend,

That of his Rowth can spare;

We know the End, that all maun wend

Away nakit and bare,

With an O and an I,

And a Wretch fall haif nae mair

But a schort Sheit at Heid and Feir,

For all his Wrak and Ware,

II.

For all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,

And in his Bags embrace,

Zit Deid fall tak him be the Back,

And gar him cry Alace !

Then fall he swak, away with Lak,

And wate not to what Place,

Then will they mak, at him a Knack,

That maist of his Geir hes ;

With ane O and an I,

Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,

Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,

And thankful be for Grace.

III.

WERE there a King to rax and ring,

Amang Gude-fallows crownd,

Wretches wald wring, and mak Murning,

For Dule they fould be drown'd.

Quha finds a Dring, or auld or zing,

Gar hoy him out and bound.

270 *Advice to be liberal and blyth.*

Now let us sing, our Cares to ding,
And mak a gladsome Sound,
With an O and ane I:

Now are we further bound,
Drink thou to me, and I to thee,
And let the Cap go round.

IV.

QUHA understude, suld have his Gude,
Or he were clod in Clay,
Sum in thair Mude they wald ga wld,
And die lang or thair Day;
Not worth a Hude, or an auld Soude
Thou shall bear hence away;
Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,
Full few fall for the pray,
With an O and ane I,
Gude Fallows as langs we may,
Be merry and free, syne blyth let us be,
And sing on tway and tway.

Quod Jo. Blyth.

The End of the first Volume.



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